

The Sketch

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SIXPENCE.

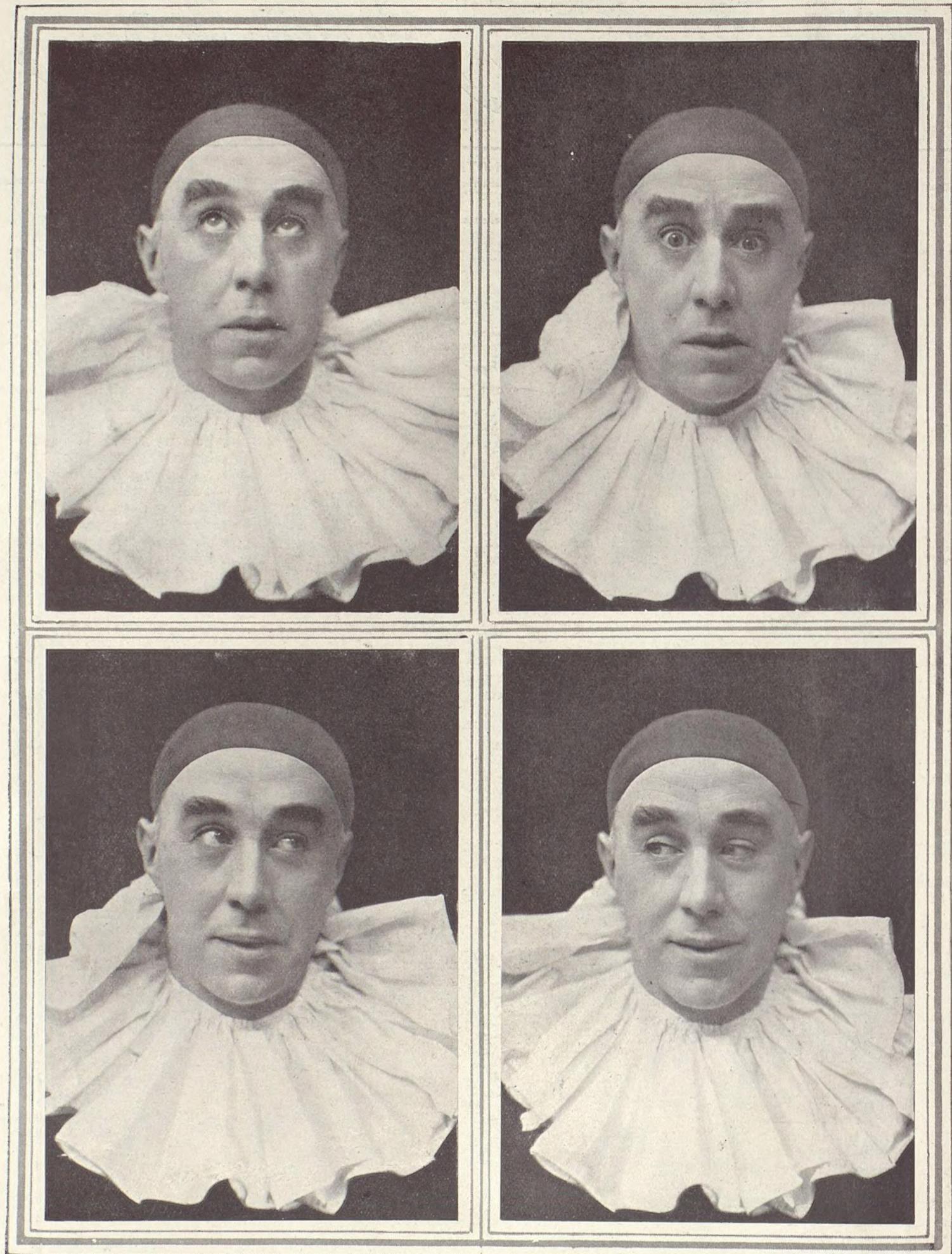


A LIVING EMBODIMENT OF THE KIRCHNER GIRL—AS SOMEBODY ELSE: MISS TEDDIE GERARD
IN "VANITY FAIR," AT THE PALACE.

Miss Teddie Gerard may be said to embody, in her own charming person, that famous creation of an artist's fancy known, through the medium of "The Sketch," as the Kirchner Girl. In "Vanity Fair," the new revue at the Palace, she personates her in one of its most attractive scenes, appropriately devoted

to the various phases of that very popular subject. Photographs of the scene and of Miss Gerard as the Kirchner Girl appear on a double-page and another in this number. Above she is seen in one of the costumes she wears in the final scene, "The Cayenne Club."—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

A DICKENSIAN "PRODIGUE": LONDON'S NEW PIERROT.



"FROM GRAVE TO GAY"—GRIEF, FEAR, HOPE, AND CONTENTMENT: EXPRESSIONS OF MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL IN "A PIERROT'S CHRISTMAS."

The new wordless play, "A Pierrot's Christmas," which was announced for production at the Apollo on Tuesday, the 21st, has this in common with that famous example of its class, "L'Enfant Prodigue," that it contains five characters. That the new Pierrot is a more "robustious" fellow than the Prodigal may be inferred from his being impersonated by Mr. Norman McKinnel. "A Pierrot's Christmas" was invented

by M. Ferdinand Beissier, and has music by M. Victor Monti. It is of Italian origin, and the story ranges at intervals between the years 1825 and 1843. The four other parts are played respectively by Miss Mary Glynne, Miss Dora Gregory, Mr. Cecil Mannerling, and little Miss Joan Morgan. Mr. Norman McKinnel's Pierrot is sure to be singularly interesting.—[Photographs by Wrather and Buys.]

CAVALLINI RUSSE! THE STAR OF "ROMANCE."

DRESSED *A LA RUSSE*: MISS DORIS KEANE.

Miss Doris Keane, famed for her rôle as Cavallini, in "Romance," the highly attractive play by Mr. Edward Sheldon, still, after a twelvemonth, in the full tide of well-merited success at the Lyric Theatre, is seen here in a most captivating costume—attired *a la Russe*. How many times she has played the prima-donna Margherita Cavallini needs some counting. She first took the part at the presentation of the

play in New York in 1913, and in London she has been "Romance's" "bright, particular star" all the time that the piece has been on the boards—since Oct. 6, 1915. Somebody has reckoned, indeed, that Miss Doris Keane has played Cavallini upwards of a thousand and three hundred times. She hails from Michigan, U.S.A., and made her début in New York, in 1903. For the present her home is in Knightsbridge.

Photograph by Bassano.



ALLAH VÔTRE!

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

Cousin Rustycuss came up from the country these last days, and I took him—or rather, he took me; or, more exactly, we took one another—to most of the shows in Town. He had a little list which, I noticed, comprised those very plays that have been—er, what shall I say?—lately “trimmed,” like fat chops! Generally, after the show, I observed in Cousin Rustycuss a certain sorrowful surprise. “Well, *mon Cousin*,” I would ask, “you like the show, is it not?” A sigh. “M’yes,” Rustycuss would grunt; “but where are all those saucy bits? Neighbour Rurylad came to London three months ago, and told me of them; but—”

Too much criticism spoils the sauce!

We Chu-Chin-Chowed, naturally, and Cousin Rustycuss was quite happy until he heard a man in the play—Ali-Baba’s poorer brother—ask of Allah to bless him with a thirst. Poor Rustycuss looked at his watch, shook a disconsolate head, and “Allah has heard *him*, and blessed *me*,” said he pathetically; “and it is 9.40!”

Don’t forget, in your letters home, to ask your fond mater or your valet, or whomsoever has the charge and care of your wardrobe, to keep your multi things in good condition. You will need them as soon as you get to Town, else I’m afraid you’ll have a rather dull time of it. Went to a *thé dansant* yesterday with a young You who had only the clothes he stood in. His home is somewhere in Scotland, and he hadn’t thought of having several suits forwarded here for two or three days’ stay. What happened? He had to look on while the others danced! Yes, dear boys, don’t ask me why, but you are not supposed to dance in uniform, even in the daytime now. My young friend was wild. Even supposing that a tailor would condescend to make a suit in three days (and, of course, he wouldn’t), poor Donald’s leave (it is not his name) would have expired by then. So you are warned.

And, talking of *thés dansants*, a reader from America has been asking me what are the newest dances here. Well, “The Saunter” is the latest night’s fad, so far. It is not difficult: you just saunter round and round *à deux* but (nevertheless!) very quietly—you can indulge in it with a weak heart! It’s quite suited to the English people, who can make even of the Tango a sort of ceremonial performance!

We are all going to pretend to be Persians and other Oriental ladies, and are rehearsing frantically. There are three big matinées coming on, and all the Society beauties want to look their loveliest. The scrum for parts is, of course, immense. There is an awful to-do when Lady Goldymop, for instance, is told she cannot wear a kiss-curl as a Persian beauty! She is frightfully upset about it, because all her photographs in the papers show her with a curl, and the public won’t recognise her without it—and wrapped in Oriental draperies, too!

I apologise to the potatoes.”

PHRYNETTE'S LETTERS
TO LONELY SOLDIERS

If you are in Town, then, keep Dec. 4 open for the Italian matinée, will you? It is to provide comforts for the Italian Red Cross. Miss Elizabeth Asquith and Lady Lowther are organising it. The matinée will be held at the Savoy Theatre, kindly lent by H. B. Irving, and will not be the usual affair with billions of well-known music-hall and theatre artists, but “the cream of Society”—with an immense S!—will dispense themselves on the stage for the occasion. There is to be a ballet-play in one act by Ina Lowther, with Dennis Neilson Terry and Beatrice Lillie to represent the “legitimate,” and other parts will be taken by well-known amateurs.

In addition, there will be *Objets d’Art Vivants*, with the following taking part: Mrs. S. Fairbairn (formerly Miss Nancy Cunard), Miss Elizabeth Asquith, Lady Diana Manners (as an Ivory Statuette)—won’t she look lovely? Am I giving away secrets?—Never trust a woman with a pen! Mrs. John Lavery (wife of the famous painter), Lady Massereene and Ferrard, the Hon. Irene Lawley, Lady Drogheda, and Miss B. Stuart-Wortley.

Heard such a delicious thing the other day at tea. One gorgeous lady of the lately wealthied set was telling of her new way of living. After having described the splendours of her palace, her servants, her pianola, and her gramophone, she spoke of her club. “Such a select club, my dears,” she said, with pathetic pride. “In fact, so select that, though I have been a member for these two last years, no one has ever spoken to me yet!”

And this other little story, told me by another You over another luncheon. It caused me almost to gobble an olive whole!

A superior officer one day came across a young staff officer very decorative with his little bit of red here and his little bit of red there. He was apparently gazing up at the November sky, and wondering whether it might not rain to-morrow.

“And what’s your job, Sir?” asked the Superior Officer, rather brusquely, of the decorative young man.

“Well, Sir, I—er—I am in charge of the trench trains.”

“What do you do to them?”

“Well, Sir, I—er—I watch them go, I watch them come back.”

“Hum, a sheep might do that! Do you ever ride on the engine?”

“No, Sir, I do not.”

“Then, if you don’t ride on the engine, what the—dickens—d’you want those—spurs for?”

“Oh, Marmaduke, my beloved, so you have come back to me!”

London town is losing its traditions—it hardly rained at all for the Lord Mayor’s Show! I vainly tried to cross the Strand that day, but had to stand like the enthusiastic others. I was compensated for my patient waiting, however, by overhearing the dialogue of two of your London *midinettes*, who, though they did skip in the air and land on my toes every time, had a fresh and entertaining outlook which they shared shrilly. “I wonder,” said one, pointing her index at the peruked and powdered footmen, “what the Lord Mayor wants with all them Judges?”

"It's to make it legal-like, silly!" said the other, with superiority.

Apropos of potatoes and my little dig at the English cook, a readeress of mine has pointed out to me that, on the contrary, since

the war, the English *menu* has lost much of its monotony. "Many people," she says, "now take lemon *à la Russe* with their tea in preference to milk" (it also coincides with the rise of the latter. Price or Principle—which? Or is it to match our *moujik* blouses?) ; "while our soldiers, after being billeted in France, bring back many nice recipes to their wives. Belgian *charcuteries*

have been opened in many districts, there is a relatively new Indian restaurant in the Haymarket, French *patisseries* abound—in fact, we are nowadays eating many

finished and almost disposed of, I don't see why I shouldn't tell you—who take me into your confidence—so that you can come and clap when the show is on. Now I have told you—I am writing a play in collaboration with a charming woman and a nice one of You. And such fun, *mes amis*! Have you ever collaborated? It's like this—you triangle over a luncheon-table, and you whisper across the flowers so that your neighbours can't crib your ideas—see? You compare jokes, and exchange "lines," and try desperately for the most telling title. Then you go into the lounge and put your heads together over cigarettes and coffee, and we women discuss whether the heroine shall wear green or mauve nion over silver satin, and the man keeps on saying "Condense it, condense it," as if people didn't often go to the theatre only to see the dresses. Besides, it would never do to condense clothes!

Then tea-time comes, and we continue collaborating across the toasts until one of us who feels an attack of meningitis coming on gets up and says, "Don't you think we have worked enough for to-day? Let's meet for dinner to-morrow, and then to the show, and we might exchange ideas between the acts." And that is how one, and especially three collaborate! One can pass quite a delightful day collaborating! Amusing, very—as good as a play! But inspiration, like Fortune, they say, comes while you sleep. As for me, I am so excited about this play of ours that I just can't sleep, and sometimes I sit up in the small hours and shriek aloud, "Oh, Marmaduke, my beloved, so you have come back to me, best and most beautiful of men!" Upon which the Imp wakes up very cross. "Who is that Marmaduke that you dream of?" she asks. "What a name of a name! What do you call him when you are in a hurry—'Duke' or 'Marm'?"

"Here the curtain comes down," I explain. The Imp looks up to make sure it doesn't. "It will, if you keep on shouting," she says, "and smother us in our sleep."

"I'll fly with you to the end of the world, O Marmaduke!" I call with fervour. ("That will bring the house down.")

"It will," agrees the Imp. "The walls are thin, and what will the neighbours think? You can't expect them to guess it is a play—they may think you are in earnest."

"To the end of the earth and round and round again, as in the Inner Circle train, O Marmaduke!" I coo. Upon which the Imp hits me with her pillow, but inspiration is not so easily smothered!

"His home is somewhere in Scotland."



dishes the names of which we can hardly pronounce." I stand corrected. I apologise to the potatoes, and kow-tow to the Cook.

And all this reminds me of an incident which happened some time ago at a dinner-party. Our hostess showed us on the table-centre a graceful garland of fruits (the names of which I promptly forgot) coming from a colonial country which I can neither spell nor locate. "I think," she said, "that in war time one should dispense with cut flowers; fruits are just as decorative, and, of course, they can be eaten, while flowers can't." Well, those fruits were certainly decorative; but we bravely struggled to swallow a morsel, leaving an extravagant share for the dust-bin. "Well," asked our Lady Lucullus, who does *not* eat uncooked fruits, by doctor's orders, "what do you think of my dessert?"

"Quite—er—interesting!" said a tactful guest.

"Just too—er—amusing!" ventured another.

"A lovely colour!" said a third.

"An unusual flavour!" came from the fourth.

"I never tasted anything like it!" I told truthfully.

"My dear," said the Brutal Husband, "you might just as well be eating pumpkins pickled in vinegar!"

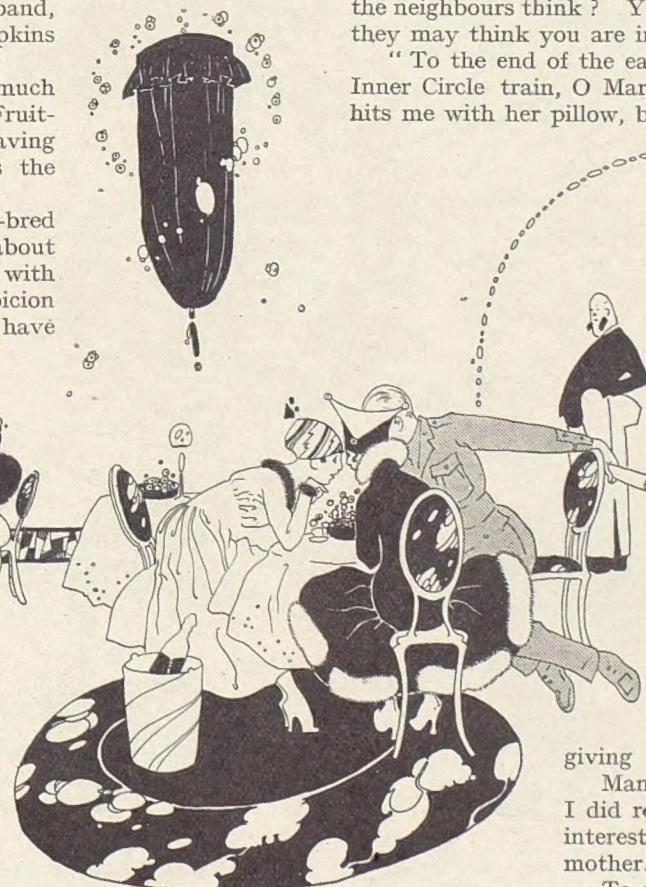
Next day, when shopping, the very much distressed lady gently reproached the Fruit-Department attendant at the stores for having sold her for dessert something that was the essence of sourness.

The Fruit attendant expressed a well-bred surprise. "No one ever complained about them," said she. "They look so well with autumn foliage; but" (with dawning suspicion and disguised despicability) "perhaps you have been *eating* them!"

Talking of food, the way we practise economy of the menu rather amuses me.

The only form this famous food economy has taken is the lump-of-sugar stunt. He or she who, before the war, took *two large* lumps, now retranches the quantity to *one big* lump and *one less* big, or, if very Spartan, to *one extra large* one! But, on the other hand, I know of one restaurant in a little side-street where it is wise to book your table two days in advance!—and at any other West End restaurant, if you turn in at lunch or dinner time without having given due notice of your coming and requirements, the place being full to overflowing, you will have to wait in the lounge or the foyer until successive *aperitifs* have taken away all your appetite!

I'll tell you a secret, a surprise. I have had need of all my strength of mind not to tell you before; but, now that it is almost



"You whisper across the flowers so that your neighbours can't crib your ideas—see?"

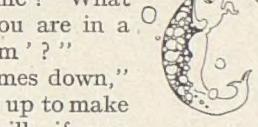
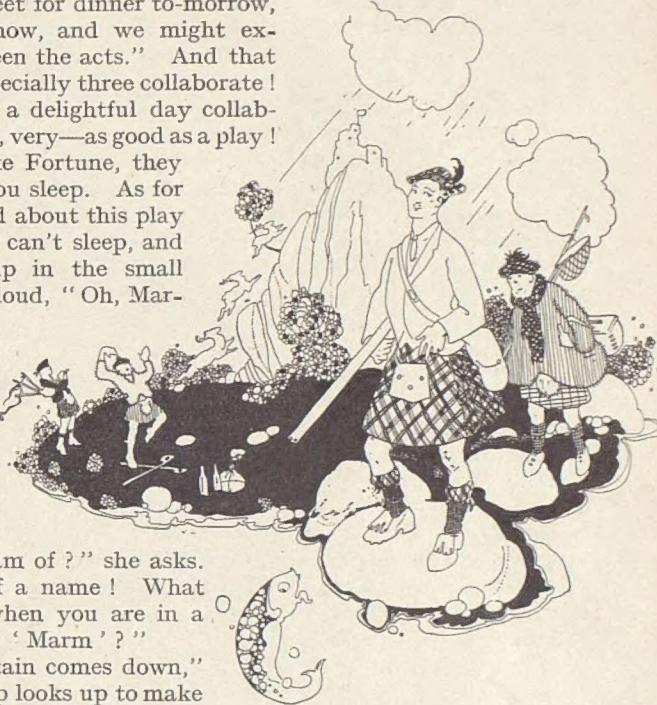
giving him quite a lot of extra work!

Many thanks to Lieutenant H. for his letter. I did receive the book—am reading it with great interest. It's really very charming of your mother. I have written to her.

To two of you who have asked me the same question.—The Studio Club is 11, Regent Street, London. Their Winter Exhibition opened on the 7th, if I remember right. They have lots of good things there, among them some striking work of Nevinson.

As regards the black service, I am sorry, but, of course, I cannot give trade addresses in these pages. However, I am sending you the particulars in a letter.

To my friend of the Plaza Hotel, New York,—Many thanks for the letters, books, and magazines. It is kind of you. I am wondering whether I shall be able to afford tipping the postman adequately at Christmas! You and I are





SMALL TALK

Lord Kenyon, whose engagement to Miss Gwladys Howard is to be followed very shortly by a wedding, comes of famous legal stock. But a glimpse at the family history reminds one that times have changed since the first Baron flourished, and that the laws of heredity are not always binding. The sober aristocracy of to-day can look back with perfect equanimity on the tippling exploits of its great-great-grandfathers, and flout the scientists—or are they only the novelists?—who are always dismouthing on the transmission of acquired characteristics. The Lord Thurlow of Greville's Diary had to decide, when Lord Mansfield died, whom he would nominate as Lord Chief Justice. "I hesitated," said he, "a long time between Kenyon and Buller. Kenyon was very intemperate, but Buller was so d—d corrupt, and I thought, on the whole, that intemperance was a less fault in a Judge than corruption—not but what there was a d—d deal of corruption in Kenyon's intemperance." That is a sidelight, and Kenyon was the best possible man of his day for the post!

Damfino! Miss Beatrice Harraden, librarian to the Endell Street wounded, seems to serve out the right books to her patients. I met one of them the other day with "The Magnetic North," by Elizabeth Robins, under his arm, and I saw my chance for seeming learned. "A good book," I said; "but I can't remember what the last word is." "D—d if I know," he answered, and was going on to say he had only just begun it, but I stopped him in triumph with "That's it, if I remember right." And there, sure enough, when he turned to it, he found the famous expression, "damfino!" It was swank on my part, I know, for I have no particular talent as a memoriser of last words, but irresistible.

A Wedding—and That Wind. Though Miss Nancy Cunard had no bridesmaids, she had everything else proper to a great wedding, including a numerous show of guests. The fact that the Torby—"Bat" wedding fell on the same day seemed not at all to affect the attendance. It goes without saying that she was a bride in a thousand, gowned and wreathed according to her own extremely effective notions, and ungloved. That ungloved touch was only just in time. The east wind did not arrive till the day after, but when it did come it made everybody hide blue hands and red arms (the picture is hardly an exaggeration) under any sort of

available cover, from aprons and muffs to the pockets that are becoming bi-sexual.

One for Each. Soldiers are fastidious about wedding rings, it seems, even when matrimony has to be run on a private's pay. Before the war, the jewellers could sell rings of nine-carat gold, now they can't. For some reason or other, the soldier likes to leave the purest gold on his wife's finger when he goes abroad, and the trade, in consequence, has been obliged to ask the authorities to sanction the release of more precious metal. The amount called for in each case is so minute that one would hardly have thought the trade could have been affected; but if all weddings were so well supplied as Countess Nada's, there might soon be a famine. The majority of her presents, of course, were silver; but there remained a very handsome minority of gold, including a gold cup from Lord and Lady Burnham, and another gold cup from Sir Arthur and Lady Paget.

Lady Guernsey's Accident. The jest about the perils of "Blighty" was very nearly substantiated by the fact when Viscountess Guernsey's motor came to grief the other day near Peterborough. Her car caught fire and was burned to nothing in an extraordinarily short time, but not before she and her guests escaped. And her guests were wounded soldiers! They all felt, they say, absurdly like figures out of a Haselden cartoon—with the reservation to the effect that Lady Guernsey is a good deal prettier than the heroines of the funny pictures.

Sandwich's Swishing. Lord Sandwich, who told his audience the other day that he was once made much of in his youth, because he had been birched, is an old Wykehamist. He is inclined to deprecate the fashion for swishing for that very reason, that it makes the victim a hero among his contemporaries. But all Wykehamists are dear, and nearly heroes, one to another; it does not follow that the urchin who is whipped by the police for stealing acid-drops or throwing stones can muster a sufficient following of admirers to reconcile him to his chastisement. Anyway, Lord Sandwich is always inclined to be on the side of the small boys. He has a splendid record of work among the less

satisfactory youth of this country—at the Little Commonwealth, a farm settlement in Dorset where boys and girls who have passed through the police courts are taught how to be useful citizens.



LORD KENYON, K.C.V.O., WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO MISS GWLADYS JULIA HOWARD WAS RECENTLY ANNOUNCED.

Lord Kenyon, the fourth Baron, is Lieutenant-Colonel of the Welsh Horse Yeomanry. He was a Lord-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria and King Edward. Miss Howard is the only daughter of Colonel Howard, C.B., of Wygfair, St. Asaph.

Photograph by Lafayette.



TO MARRY NEXT MONTH: MISS GLADYS G. PHILIPPS AND BRIGADIER GENERAL ST. JOHN, C.B.

Miss Philipps is the youngest of the four daughters of Sir Charles Philipps, Bt., and Lady Philipps, of Picton Castle, Haverfordwest. Her father was made a baronet in 1887. Brigadier-General G. F. W. St. John is in command of the troops at Queenstown. The marriage has been arranged to take place quietly in December.—[Photographs by Swaine.]



TO MARRY MR. ALEXANDER HARVEY ON THE 25TH: MISS SYBIL POUND.

Miss Sybil Pound is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Pound, and grand-daughter of the late Sir John Pound, formerly Lord Mayor of London. Her marriage to Mr. Alexander Harvey, of Lloyd's, is to take place on the 25th at Christ Church, Woburn Square.—Miss McKenzie is the only daughter of the late Mr. Alexander Gordon McKenzie, and of Mrs. Cuyler, of Dyke House, Flamborough, Yorkshire. Lieutenant Lombe Taylor, Norfolk Regiment, of the Inner Temple, is the eldest son of Mr. Alfred Taylor, of Starston Place,



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT ARTHUR LOMBE TAYLOR: MISS SYBIL ISOBEL GORDON MCKENZIE.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT H. H. DE C. VAUGHAN: MISS C. M. A. BUTLER.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN A. E. HAMILTON AGNEW: MISS MARION HEDDERWICK.

Norfolk.—Miss Constance Marion Anderson Butler is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Butler, of Henbury Hill, near Bristol, and of Mrs. Burges, of Thornbury Castle, Gloucestershire. Lieutenant Vaughan, Yeomanry, is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. de C. Vaughan, of Marlwood Grange, Thornbury.—Miss Marion Roseanna Neilson Hedderwick is the younger daughter of Mr. T. C. H. Hedderwick, and Mrs. Hedderwick, of The Manor House, Weston Turville, Tring. Captain Agnew is in the Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

Photographs by Butcher, Swaine, Langfier, and Vandyk.

A "BOTTICELLI" BRIDE: THE FAIRBAIRN-CUNARD WEDDING.



MARRIED LAST WEEK: MISS NANCY CUNARD (NOW MRS. S. FAIRBAIRN) AND HER HUSBAND.

The Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, was the scene of a very pretty and interesting wedding on Wednesday, Nov. 15, when Miss Nancy Cunard, the only daughter of Sir Bache and Lady Cunard, was married to Mr. S. Fairbairn, Grenadier Guards, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Fairbairn. There were no bridesmaids; but the bride looked charming in her "Botticelli" wedding-dress, a quaintly beautiful

gown of cloth-of-gold, worn with a Court train. Mr. Ian Fairbairn, brother of the bridegroom, acted as best man. A large and distinguished company of guests filled the Guards' Chapel, as, although the wedding was, like most weddings of the moment, quiet, on account of the war, it created wide interest and attracted many friends of the bride and bridegroom and their families.



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY : GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

To Cure Temptation.

Oscar Wilde made one of his characters say that the only thing he could not resist was temptation. That famous epigram, in common with most epigrams, was rather shallow. The only effective way of dealing with temptation is to yield to it. Temptation hates that. The little devil knows that he loses all his potency if the victim yields.

But, of course, you may not wish to rid yourself of temptation. Temptation to which you do not yield may lend a glamour to the whole business of life. In the old days, young men were encouraged to go through a performance commonly known as sowing their wild oats. This was a trick on the part of their elders. The young men cured themselves of temptation, got into difficulties, were rescued by forgiving parents and family lawyers with a confirmed wink, and so settled down to the humdrum life of money-making and marriage and the up-bringing of several dissatisfied and rather plain children.

You must take your choice. If you like being tempted, if you find it stimulating, never yield. If, on the other hand, you wish to rid yourself of the matter, you know how to do it. Shakespeare suggested that appetite grows by what it feeds on. This is another instance of the misleading quality of the epigram. Appetite grows by what it nibbles on, but a meal destroys it. Nobody ever sat through "Hamlet" every night in the week. If your appetite grows by what it feeds on, you have got hold of some abnormal food, and had better telephone to the nearest home for a light covered van and a strait-waistcoat.

Illustration.

Having just cured myself of a long-standing temptation, I know what I am talking about. I have been tempted, for some weeks past, to go to a certain famous resort on the South Coast. On waking in the morning, I used to tantalise myself with mental pictures of the sun on the waves, and the little boats, and the salt in the air, and the gay crowds, and the general devil-may-careness of it all.

"You need a holiday," said I to myself. That was a lie.

"You are over-working," I persisted. That was ridiculous. If you are over-working physically, you swoon. If you are over-working mentally, you go mad. If you do both, then you had better take a rest; but not till then.

Anyway, I yielded. I awoke on Monday morning of last week to find the world bathed in sunshine. "This is too much," said I to myself, and I made a dash for the train. Before the journey was half completed, the sunshine disappeared. Fog and mist held sway over the meadows. You could hardly read the soap and pill advertisements.

"It will be fine at the sea," said I to myself. But it wasn't. You couldn't see the sea. You could hardly see the lovely railings of the promenade. I went back to the station, and sat on a bench, and bought a paper that I had already thrown away, and burst into tears. Never in my life was I so glad to get away from the seaside. By yielding to my temptation, I had torn it up by the roots and mangled it and left it to look horrid by the side of the line.

Or hasn't a little devil got any roots?

MOTLEY NOTES



BY KEBLE HOWARD
(*"Chicot."*)

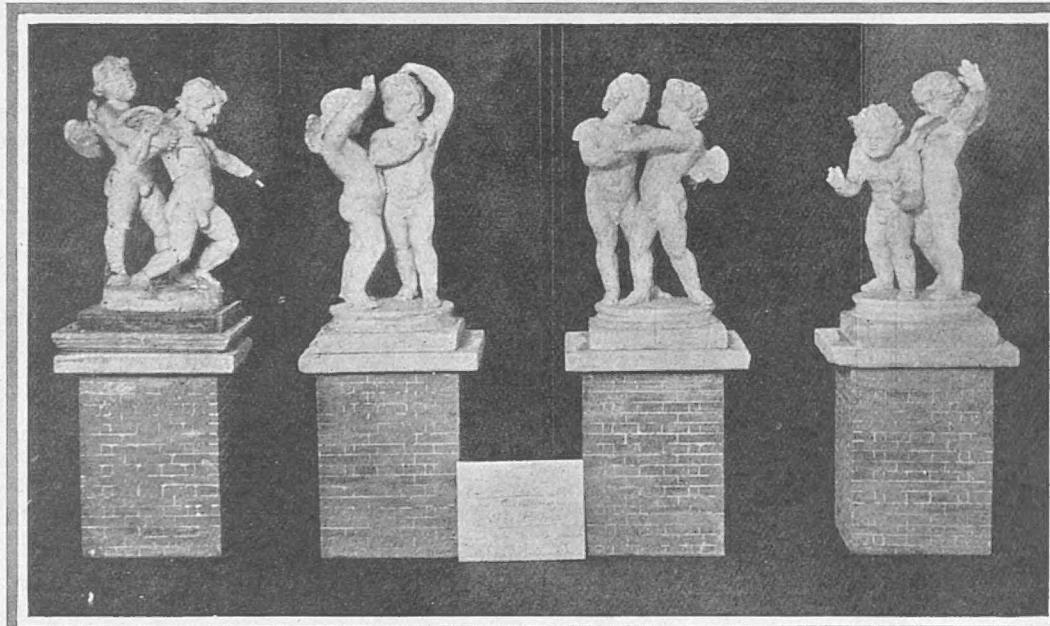
Fog and the Press.

Fog and wet have an extraordinary influence on the gentlemen who guide our opinions in the daily news-sheets. Taking up a morning paper at random, I find on one page a magnificent despatch from Sir Douglas Haig. He tells us that an attack was delivered before daylight in a thick mist. Think of that, to begin with! Darkness, that early-morning feeling, mud, water, a thick mist, and a desperate and fiendish enemy concealed in every hole in the ground ahead of you!

What happened? "We succeeded in penetrating the German defences on a front of nearly five miles." Now stop and think of that. Don't go straight through the blunt, soldierly despatch. Stop and give your imagination play. Think of the fighting in the mist, and the dark, and the mud! Think of the heroic things that must have been done! Think of the life-blood poured out and the death-agonies of strong men! Yes, you *ought* to think of it!

And what next? "Severe losses have been inflicted on the enemy. . . . Over 3300 prisoners have passed through our collecting-stations already, and more are coming in. . . . The front which has been captured north of the Ancre consists of the German original front-line defences of an exceptionally strong nature."

And that is what we call a "push." Actually, of course, it is a magnificent victory—another sure proof of the overwhelming victory to come. So long as the war continues, most of us are giving up all that makes life worth living: yet, after all, what of it? What does it matter to the cause of civilisation and the progress of humanity? Three generations may suffer and perish, but a hundred years hence there will be no Hun-work in the world!



LORD KITCHENER'S "WAR BABIES": FIGURES DESIGNED FOR BROOME PARK, ON VIEW AT THE LEAGUE OF EMPIRE.

These figures were designed for Lord Kitchener by Mr. John Haughton Bonnor, for his Kentish home, Broome Park. He called them his "war babies," and took a keen interest in the modelling of them. They are now on view at the headquarters of the League of Empire, in Buckingham Gate.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

I read—"Another winter of war is almost upon us, and, although we have lately done so well on the Western front, there is at present no sign whatever of a quick decision." Good Lord! The only chance of a quick decision was when the war first began. It was then for the German to choose: "Since I cannot win, shall I chuck it at once or go on bluffing the world as long as possible?" He dug himself in, and that was his decision. It was not quick; it was very stupid; but from that moment the Allies knew they were in for years of war.

"If the war lasts over next winter," continues my optimist, "what will the winter be like to the poor? What will be the price of milk? What will be the price of meat? What will be the price of bread? Shall we be able to keep going?"

The answer to all these questions is purely Asquithian. There is no room for argument. Whatever the price of things, the war will go on. As for the poor, they will be better looked after than ever before.

If you see a man in the street who has just expired from inanition, he will not be a "poor" man. The poor can accept alms. He will be a well-dressed man in a clean but frayed collar—in all probability an author.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.



—AND NOT A SINGLE HAT TO WEAR.

DRAWN BY E. BLAMPIED.



THE CLUBMAN

CANTEEN COMEDIES : THE SERGEANT'S THUMB : THE HARDSHIPS OF EAST AFRICA.

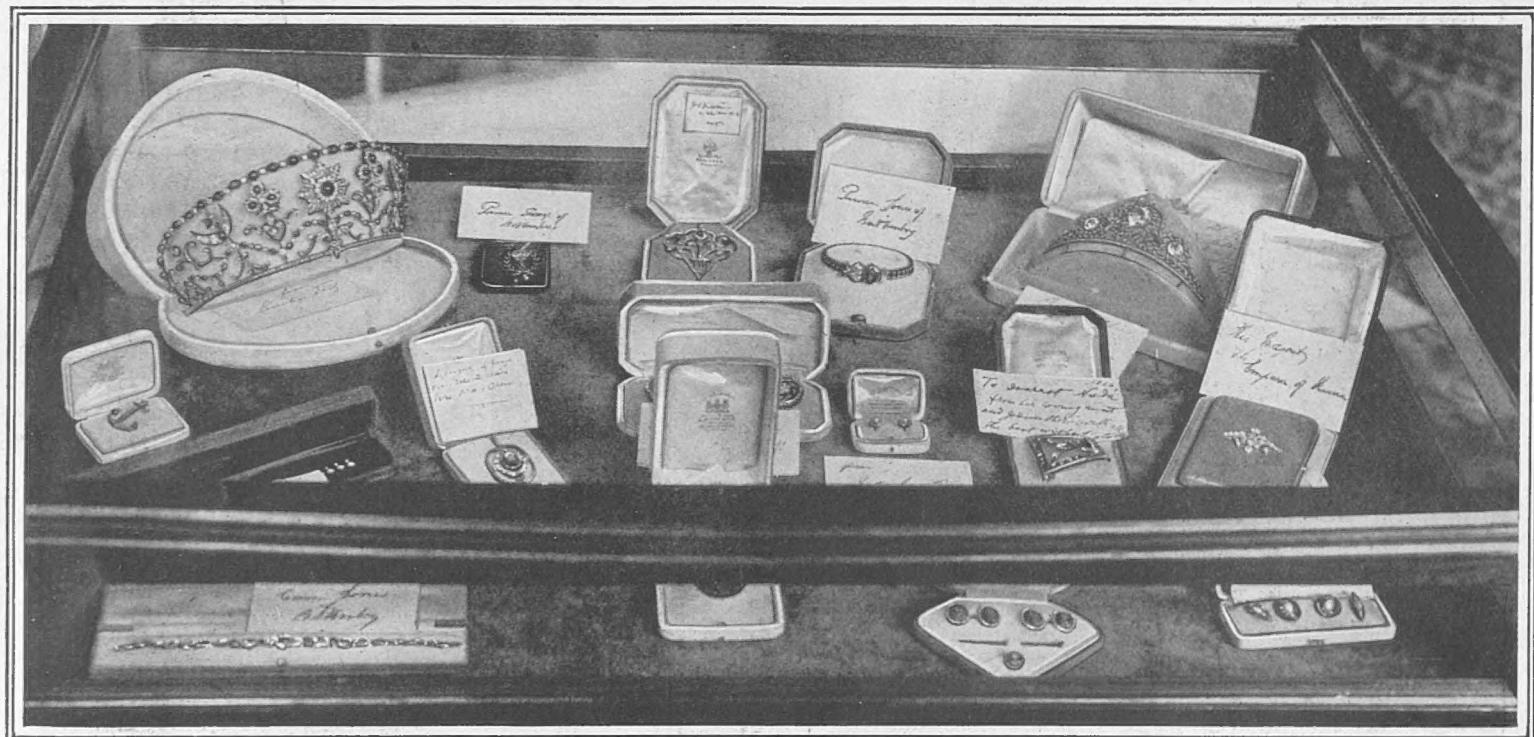
Soldiers' Canteens. The canteens of the whole British Army are to be looked after by a body of very distinguished gentlemen, all of whom are fine organisers, and many of whom have practical knowledge of the organisation of great businesses. I have no doubt that the whole gigantic business will be run on very up-to-date lines, and that the British soldier will benefit by this. When I first joined the Service, each battalion ran its own canteen ; it was a sort of combination of a village general store and a village tap, the tap being the senior partner in the combination. There was a keen competition amongst brewers as to who should supply the beer and the porter for a regimental canteen, the local brewery entering into competition with bigger firms in the big cities.

The Brewer's Duty. A regiment that knew it was about to move, and was in doubt as to what were to be its new quarters, generally got the first intimation as to what its destination would be from the brewer in the new town, in the shape of a letter addressed to the Commanding Officer, saying that the brewer had reason to believe that the gallant So-and-

morning after a guest night, and to go through them all again if the count did not tally with the figures in the big stock-book. Measuring the beer in the big casks was quite easy work, and every member of a committee always drank a glass of it, to see that it was in good condition.

The Canteen Fund.

The profits from the canteen were always used to benefit in one way or another the men, for it was the men who spent their money at the canteen. I read that the august body that has been formed will spend the profit of their gigantic concern for the benefit of the soldiers. I hope they will not take a too Olympian view of what the benefit should be. The profits of the canteen in old days lay in the Colonel's hands to deal with as he wished, and the cricket fund and the football fund, and mittens for the sentries in cold weather, and prizes for athletic sports, and a grant towards plum-puddings at Christmas, and a hundred other of the small things of life came out of the fund, as well as grants towards bigger things. The Commanding Officer of a regiment hears of all the small requirements of his men, which a committee of big-wigs can only guess at. I



SHOWING THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S GIFT: SOME OF COUNTESS NADA TORBY'S WEDDING PRESENTS.

On the left is the diamond-and-ruby tiara given to the bride by her mother, Countess Torby. Next to it, at the top, is the gift of the bridegroom, Prince George of Battenberg. Next

but one, to the right, a gold bracelet set with rubies and diamonds, from his father, Prince Louis. On the right is the Emperor of Russia's gift—an aquamarine-and-diamond pendant.

Photograph by Alexander Corbett.

So were to be sent, when they moved, to garrison such-and-such a town, and that he trusted that his brewery might have the honour to supply the regiment's canteen in their new quarters. There were in those days certain civilities the brewer was expected to show the regiment—providing marquees for the regimental sports, and so forth.

The Canteen Sergeant. The canteen sergeant in those days was a very important individual who was both manager and accountant, and who was popularly supposed to amass great wealth by the simple expedient of putting his thumb inside the pewter-pot when measuring out the porter for the men. Any allusion to a canteen-sergeant's thumb at a regimental sing-song always met with a great reception. He was answerable to the canteen committee, which generally consisted of a captain and two subalterns. It was very rare that anybody on a canteen committee knew anything about the goods in which the canteen dealt, and there were always loud expressions that it was not fair to expect a soldier to be a grocer on the days of stock-taking, when the subalterns on the committee had to count the packets of pipe-clay, boot-laces, matches, tins of tobacco, pairs of walking-out gloves, packets of note-paper, cakes of fancy soap, and swagger-canes—none of them articles in which a grocer habitually deals, but that did not matter to an indignant soldier. It was very trying to have to count two hundred and fifty-two pairs of boot-laces on the

hope that a portion of the profits will be at the disposal of each Commanding Officer for such purposes as I have outlined.

The East African Expedition.

When, months and months ago, I wrote some paragraphs in this column on the trench badge that was proposed—that it would not meet with any favour at the War Office—I had no idea of the amount of correspondence that these paragraphs would bring me. Because I saw some of the difficulties that stood in the way, I was reproached from the trenches in France as not being a friend of Mr. Thomas Atkins—an accusation I indignantly denied. I mentioned some other of our spheres of activity, the men serving in which seemed to me as worthy of award as the men in France and Belgium ; but, in naming some of these fields of battle, I entirely forgot East Africa, and the last mail has brought me a letter from that most uncomfortable country, saying that, if badges are to be distributed, the men who fought in East Africa should not be forgotten. Two of the three sheets of crinkly thin paper are covered in pencil with a description of East African discomforts, lead bullets as thick as a fourth finger being quite minor evils. The mud there is said to be worse than Mesopotamian mud ; and as an uncomfortable insect, the jigger flea, which takes up its abode between a man's toes, would require a lot of beating. There are to be no trench-badges ; but, if there were, the men who are fighting in East Africa would certainly deserve them.

OH, WHERE AND OH, WHERE HAS MY LITTLE DOG GONE?



I FOR THE BEST HOPED HAVE—BUT NOW I FOR THE WURST READY AM

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.

ORD Burghersh, best man to Prince George of Battenberg, is, as things go in this world of recent recruits, quite a veteran sailor—a veteran two years younger than his young friend the bridegroom. The Navy was his chosen profession long before the war. A brother of Lady Enid Fane, and as popular on his ship as she has always been in Society, he is heir to the Earldom of Westmorland. Lord Westmorland, who lost his first wife in 1910, re-married in the earlier part of this year.

A One-Sided Advantage. Prince George of Battenberg, whose wedding, despite a great array of military uniforms (Russian and otherwise), was decidedly more naval than anything else, has begun his career in the Senior Service with real distinction. At seventeen he passed his examinations with flying colours, taking fourth place among fifty-five candidates, and winning first prize in science and German.



AN INDEFATIGABLE WAR-WORKER :
MRS. FRANCIS HEATH.

Mrs. Francis Heath is the wife of Colonel F. W. Heath, C.M.G., Royal Artillery, and is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Frank Hardcastle, sometime M.P. for the West Houghton Division of Lancashire. Since the outbreak of the war, Mrs. Heath has been hospital nurse, munition worker, and chauffeuse.

Photograph by E. O. Hoppé.

side, but it is not difficult to imagine circumstances in which knowledge on our part might be extremely useful, and all the more so because the enemy takes our ignorance very much for granted. It is noticeable in France, when our men get a batch of important prisoners, that they still say the things that matter, one to another, in their own tongue, while they are very free with polite nothings in their English converse with our officers.

Princess and family calling, Out-Patient. True to the family calling, Princess Louise of Battenberg, one of the Chapel Royal bridesmaids, has herself figured as a minor casualty of the sea. Some few years ago a girl, very young and very pretty, presented herself at the outpatients' door of St. George's Hospital and asked for immediate attention. She had swallowed a particularly obstinate fishbone. It was removed, and only when she got home did all her family know of her adventure. She had, as it happened, established a new precedent, for never before then had a Royal Princess received treatment—cheap, but good—as an out-patient at a London hospital. The ward's record, up to then, was only a Duchess, who had attended in the middle of the night to have a tight ring sawn off a swollen finger.



TO MARRY MR. ANDREW BUCHANAN MURRAY : MISS JOYCE MAYNARD.

Miss Maynard is the elder daughter of Prebendary and Mrs. Maynard, of Twerton Vicarage, Bath. Mr. Murray is in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and is the eldest son of the late Rev. A. H. Murray, Vicar of St. Luke's, Reigate, and of Mrs. Murray.

Photograph by Val L'Estrange.

"Dublin" Irish, take shape; really good schemes seldom do. And this scheme is good in detail as well as in the lump; I see, for instance, he proposes that Mr. Shane Leslie should be Secretary to the Commission he would like to see appointed—not a commission that will sit and talk, but one that will act. Lord Halifax, in the course of his argument, mentions Shane Leslie's article on the Irish question in the *Dublin Review*—in the first number of the *Dublin*, that is, edited by Winston Churchill's brilliant cousin. And curiously enough, it is the first number of the *Dublin* edited by an Irishman. What would Scotland say if one dared to suggest that the *Edinburgh* had always been run by Englishmen?

The Duke and Ireland.

It is doubtful, I should say, whether the Duke of Connaught will be very grateful to Lord Halifax for suggesting that H.R.H. should start forth-

with to the Distressful Country as President of a Provisional Government, even if his young friend Shane Leslie went with him. The Duke has a right to claim something of a holiday on his return from Canada. He is in the middle of it, a strenuous holiday, truly, but more or less free from cares. It has already included a double crossing of the Channels, with a visit to the trenches; a multitude of friendly ceremonies at home; the buying of wedding presents, and innumerable functions attended more or less in a spirit of charity. It is one thing to drop into a theatre because one wants to, but quite another to arrange long beforehand to be present at things like the *café chantant* at the Savoy on Dec. 4, organised for the benefit of a fund. The Duke and Duchess do not shirk such performances, and have promised to be punctually at the Savoy; but let Ireland wait just for the present as far as he is concerned.



A V.A.D. HOSPITAL NURSE : MRS. AINSLIE WILLIAMS.

Mrs. Ainslie Williams, who is the wife of Major F. Ainslie Williams, 5th London Brigade, R.F.A., is now working as a nurse in a V.A.D. Hospital, and assisted at the Y.M.C.A. canteens from the outbreak of war. Major Ainslie Williams is serving with his regiment.

Photograph by Yevonde.



A NEW PORTRAIT : LORD AND LADY LOUTH.

Lord Louth, who is serving with his regiment in France, is the fourteenth Baron, the title having been created in 1541. Lady Louth, who has interested herself actively in war work since the outbreak of hostilities, has just returned from working in a hospital in France.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

For King and Jockey. Lord Rosebery has made himself quite famous by attending Danny Maher's funeral. Besides going to the graveside, he was present at the Requiem Mass at St. James's Church in Spanish Place. The last time I saw Lord Rosebery in that same church, and probably the last time he entered it, was during the Requiem Mass for the late King of Portugal. Lord Rosebery's Spanish Place record brings home to one that Death and Sport are two great levellers—and that Lord Rosebery is still a sportsman. All men are equal on the turf, and under it.

A NOTABLE WEDDING: COUNTESS NADA TORBY'S MARRIAGE.

ARRIVING AT THE CHAPEL ROYAL: LORD BURGHERSH
(BEST MAN); AND LADY PORTARLINGTON.THE BRIDE'S SISTER: COUNTESS ZIA TORBY
ARRIVING.

THE FATHER OF THE BRIDE: THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL OF RUSSIA.

The King and Queen, Queen Alexandra, and many other Royal and distinguished personages were present at the wedding of Countess Nada Torby and Prince George of Battenberg, on Wednesday, last week, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and our photographs show some of the guests. In No. 1 is seen Lord Burghersh conversing with the Countess of Portarlington. Lord Burghersh, who acted as best man to his friend, Prince George of Battenberg, is, like the bridegroom, in the Royal Navy, and is the elder son of the Earl of Westmorland. Lady Portarlington is the wife of the

sixth Earl, and was, before her marriage, Miss Winnifreda Yuill, only child of Mr. George Skelton Yuill, of Chesham Place.—The Countess Zia Torby is the sister of the bride, and equally popular in English Society, and, like her sister, a distinguished figure in lawn-tennis circles.—The Grand Duke Michael Michailovitch is the father of the bride, and has long been a welcome and notable personality at Society functions in England. He is escorting the bride's sister, Countess Zia.—[Photograph No. 1, by Topical; Nos. 2 and 3, by Illustrations Bureau.]

A NOTABLE WEDDING: BRIDE, BRIDESMAIDS, AND PRESENTS.



1. COUNTESS NADA TORBY'S WEDDING: SOME OF THE PRESENTS.

The wedding not only of the autumn, but of the year, and even of war-time, was that of the Countess Nada Torby and Prince George of Battenberg, on Wednesday last week, at the Chapel Royal. The King and Queen, Princess Mary, Queen Alexandra, many other Royalties and leaders of Society filled the Chapel Royal, and the universal verdict was that it was one of the prettiest weddings held for long in the historic Chapel. Only two clergymen officiated—Canon Edgar Sheppard, Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, and the Rev. F. J. Horan, Guards' Chaplain at Windsor. After the ceremony many of the guests motored to Ken Wood, Hampstead, the residence of the Grand Duke Michael. The wedding presents, some of which are seen in our

2. COUNTESS NADA TORBY'S WEDDING: THE WEDDING GROUP.

first photograph, included a massive silver bowl from the King and Queen, a diamond pendant from Queen Alexandra; the Emperor and Empress of Russia sent an aquamarine-and-diamond pendant, and the Empress a silver ikon set with jewels. The Grand Duke gave a Napier landaulette and, with the Countess Torby, a set of table cutlery and silver. There were also a number of other Royal presents.—Our second photograph shows Prince and Princess George of Battenberg (the Countess Nada Torby); with the four bridesmaids: Princess Louise of Battenberg (sister of Prince George), standing next to her brother, the Countess Zia Torby, behind the bride; and the Princesses Nina and Xenia of Russia, on the right.—[Photographs by Alexander Corbett.]

A NOTABLE WEDDING: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.



AFTER THE CEREMONY AT THE CHAPEL ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S: PRINCE AND PRINCESS GEORGE OF BATTENBERG (COUNTESS NADA TORBY).

The presence of their Majesties the King and Queen, with Princess Mary and Prince Albert, H.M. Queen Alexandra, the Princess Royal, Princess Victoria, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Patricia, Princess Arthur of Connaught, Princess Henry of Battenberg, and other Royal personages, lent especial distinction to the marriage of the Countess Nada Torby, daughter of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia and the Countess Torby, to Prince George of Battenberg; and the popularity of the

young bride ensured the presence of an exceptionally large number of well-known Society people. There was first a brief but picturesque service at the Russian Embassy Chapel, in Welbeck Street; then the ceremony at the Chapel Royal, after which there was a luncheon at Ken Wood, the home of the Grand Duke, at Hampstead. Prince George is the son of Prince Louis of Battenberg, and is a Lieutenant in the British Navy.—[Photograph by Alexander Corbett.]



“Fairly obvious, isn’t it?”

“YOU can’t expect proper combustion when your carburetter’s choked. Same with cigarettes. You can’t expect a decent smoke if the baccy’s all bunged up with dust and bits. And many cigarettes are. Look inside and you’ll see !

“That’s one reason why I started smoking Kenilworths. They’re so beautifully made.

“I like the flavour too. There’s something distinctly seductive about the special blend of golden Virginia they put into Kenilworths.”



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Kenilworth Cigarettes are made of mellow golden Virginia leaf yielding a fascinating aroma. They will compare favourably with any Virginia Cigarettes you can obtain, no matter how high the price. Yet Kenilworths only cost 1/- for 20; 2/4 for 50; 4/8 for 100. If your Tobacconist does not stock them, send his name and address and 1/- in stamps for sample box post free.

FOR THE FRONT.—We will post Kenilworth Cigarettes to Soldiers at the front specially packed in airtight tins of 50 at 2/6 per 100, duty free. Postage 1/- for 200 to 300; 1/4 up to 900. Minimum order 200. Order through your Tobacconist or send remittance direct to us.

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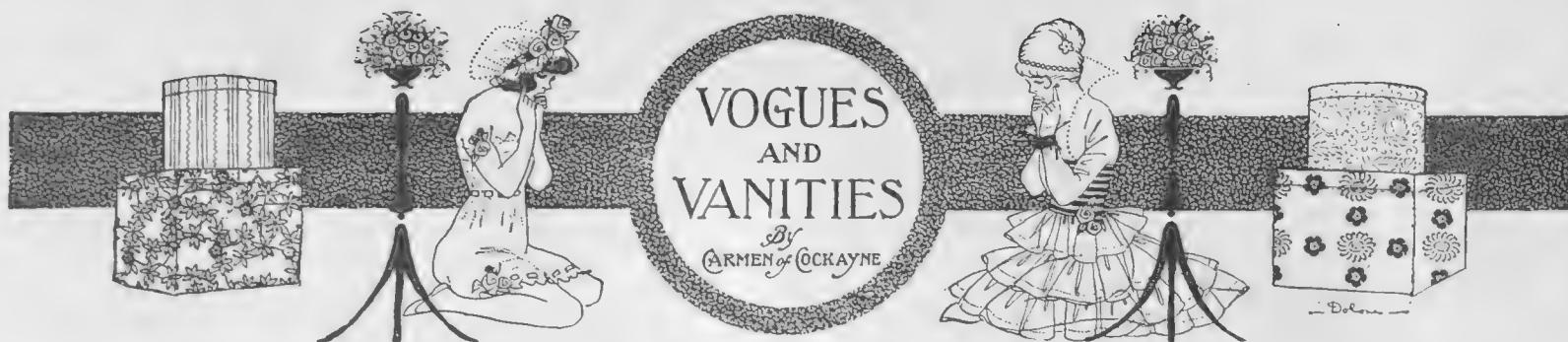
NOT BACON THIS TIME!



THE PERFORMER: Ladies and gentlemen, I will now give you an impersonation of any female character you care to name from Shakespeare.

A VOICE FROM THE AUDIENCE: Florence Nightingale!

THE PERFORMER: I said Shakespeare, Sir; not Dickens.



In a Desert Land.

Life, said someone, is full of compensations. We need them all just now, and at times—even the most optimistic admit this—they are hard to find. What with dress reduced, more or less, to dead level of sobriety, and the price of sausages, past, present, and to come, one of the staple subjects of conversation, life is really rather hard for those frivolous ones to whom butterfly frocks and flippant phrases still make a stronger appeal than all Mr. Montagu's remarks on the future of munitions and Mr. Jacobsen's arguments in favour of a Woman-Power Board put together. "To take pleasure in simple things, and to be content with what one has got if it is impossible to obtain better" is, of course, excellent advice. But following advice, even if it is the best kind of advice, is never a particularly entertaining business, and a good many people prefer to fare forth in search of change and variety rather than indulge in the somewhat unexciting process known as making the best of things.

Frills and Thrills. This applies rather specially to matters of dress. Fashion, alas! denies us the thrill of the frill. Still, there is no reason why it cannot be enjoyed at second hand, as it were, and it is certain that the stage frocks of the moment provide a splendid tonic for spirits that chafe under the restraints imposed by present fashions. The dresses in "Vanity Fair," at the Palace, for instance, are a case in point. They are quite magnificent. Unkind people say, designedly, to help compensate for little plot and less humour. But that, after all, is only a matter of opinion, and, whatever their *raison d'être*, the frocks are, beyond all dispute, lovely.

The Kirchner Girls.

Every reader of this paper knows and loves the elusive and charming Kirchner girls. They come to life at the Palace, quite a lot of them, with Miss Teddie Gerard as the principal, dressed—more than half-dressed, at any rate—in the gown sketched on this page. The skirt is a semi-transparent affair of black tulle. Above it



How do the amber braces uphold their burden of loveliness? And the answer is that it's just one of those inexplicable mysteries connected with women's dress.

in front there is a sinuous gleaming bodice in the form of a wide strand of cloth-of-jet, with a bright reddish coral border on either side, that dips sharply to the waist at the back, where it is loosely knotted and falls to form a narrow shimmering train. How the wearer keeps on the frock is a mystery towards the solution of which crossing braces of amber beads provide no very definite clue. As for the halo-like adornment that hovers above the close-fitting cap of black velvet, it is formed by a single strand of bright-blue feather and springs from a red-and-gold knob-like decoration on the summit of the cap.

The Gorgeous Note.

Mlle. Regine Flory, who has apparently decided in favour of a sustained note of gorgeousness, makes one entry holding up the cascade-like draperies of a wispy train of gold lace that is attached to a dazzling mass of cloth-of-gold shot with flame colour. There's no waste of material on the bodice—a latticed affair of gold pearl-shaped beads imposed on flesh-pink tulle, with a double *pouf* of the material below; and a skirt somewhat shorter in front than at the back, flounced with gold lace. Quite a considerable amount of *joie de vivre*, too, is concentrated in Mlle. Flory's frock of silver tissue veiled with black tulle, the front of which is covered with gleaming pear-shaped sphinx sequins, suggesting the shimmer of moonlight with every movement of the wearer—an illusion further emphasised by the triple-pointed train of deep-blue-and-silver brocade lined with silver tissue.

The Emotional Gown Again.

"Buxell," at the Strand Theatre, provides a mild sartorial sensation in the form of a deep geranium-pink evening-gown of chiffon velours worn by Miss Norma Whalley. It has big pleated pockets at either side, each of which is decorated along the top with a row of pink roses. One catches gleams of silver tissue in the front of the corsage, the most striking feature of which is a sort of kite-shaped panel of glittering diamanté inset between the shoulders and reaching to the waist at the back. Here, too, I saw quite the latest thing in furs for women in the form of a monkey-skin motor-coat, becoming to its wearer, Miss Avie Kelham, but, if Darwin's theory be correct, invested with a slightly canibalistic flavour.

Hem Oddities. It would be interesting to know who originates the various little eccentricities invariably associated with women's dress. There are several at the moment, all more or less unattractive, and affecting the hem of the skirt. One consists of a front panel some two inches longer than the rest of the garment, imposed on the skirt. Another is the skirt appreciably longer behind than before; and there is a third showing a hem that for some inexplicable reason curves upwards at either side with an effect rather of slovenliness than *chic*. Fashion, being a woman, is, of course, entitled to her whims, but the skirt-hem is quite the worst spot at which to indulge them.



Original and effective, it is made of black tulle and jade—the bright kind of jade.

A NEW BRANCH.



THE NEW GOVERNESS: I don't think that is a very nice way for a little girl to behave.

HER PUPIL: Oh—but, don't you know—I'm a naturalised boy.

DRAWN BY LEWIS BAUMER.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

TWO WIRES AND A JAR

By BERTRAM MUNN.

MR. ROBERT HEPBURN, private detective, entered his office an hour earlier than usual. Being a man who prospered on the sinful mistakes of others, and business having been particularly brisk of late, he had dined a little too elaborately the evening before. This indiscretion had led to a grave disturbance of his internal equilibrium and a night of restless quarter-hour eternities, solemnly punctuated by apparently every clock in the neighbourhood. The climax was a sudden determination, at the pale, November hour of seven o'clock, to spring out of bed, wash, go without breakfast, and walk most of the way to the office.

Arriving there at the unromantic minute of nine-fifteen, he felt extremely irritable. The fire was not lighted, his clerk had not arrived, and the char-lady—a large, angular person with a sack-cloth about her loins—was in full possession of the floor.

"Morning," he grunted. "Shouldn't you have finished by now, Mrs. Jones?" He didn't know whether that was her name, but he thought it sounded good enough for her.

She got up from among the soapsuds and the floor-cloth, and wiped her face with the back of a big, wet hand.

"I'm a bit late, Sir, this morning!"

"H'm! What time're you usually here?"

"Eight o'clock, Sir."

"And Mr. Kempson—what time's he get here?"

The char-lady thought a second.

"About 'arf-past eight," she said loyally. "I expect the fog's delayed him a bit." She tried to be affable. "It's a terrible morning, Sir!"

"Very! . . . Why the blazes isn't the fire lit?"

"I'll 'ave it laid in 'arf-a-mo', Sir."

Mr. Hepburn stepped carefully over a patch of slippy-looking linoleum, and skirted the bucket.

"Well, shift all this first! I can't sit here in the wet. You'll have to let the cleaning go this morning."

With commendable alacrity the char-lady wiped up a stray pool of suds and water, wrung out the dripping floor-cloth, and disappeared with her utensils.

A moment later she returned with paper and sticks, and proceeded to attend to the ashes of the previous day.

Mr. Hepburn sniffed dangerously.

"Don't bother about cleaning all that out. Can't you just shove the wood on, without all this unnecessary dust and noise?"

Something cutting hovered on the tip of the char-lady's tongue. But it was gone in an instant. She "knew her place."

"Very well, Sir! I'd better move *some* of these 'ere ashes, or it won't get alight."

She did as she suggested, very gently and quietly. Then she rustled the paper, put on the sticks, placed on a few specially selected lumps of coal, and tried to borrow a match.

"Oh, I'll light it!" snapped Mr. Hepburn. "You can go now!"

He dropped a letter he had just opened and watched her retreat through the doorway, then he stooped and lit the fire. . . .

Five minutes later, Kempson, his clerk, entered, looking very subdued and wide-eyed.

"I'm extremely sorry, Sir, but——" he began.

"Don't be sorry—merely be punctual. You're supposed to be here at nine, and you should be here at nine!"

"The fog, Sir——" tried Kempson again.

"It didn't make me late!" exclaimed Mr. Hepburn, carefully omitting to explain what had made him early.

"Any letters you'd like me to attend to at once, Sir?" asked Kempson, capitulating.

"Yes. There's this divorce case of Oswin's. You might let

me have a *résumé* of the whole of the evidence we have against him so far. Make a note of anything that will be difficult of proof." He glanced at another letter which he had put aside. "There's this blackmail affair of Manson's, too. I don't remember the details, but it seems to have been on hand quite long enough. You might look it up and let me know what's been done. He's beginning to worry about it."

The clerk took the two letters from the outstretched hand and withdrew, softly closing the door behind him.

Mr. Hepburn, alone once more, dropped his businesslike manner and yielded to the vague feeling of brooding discomfort which enveloped his being. He paced the room; he stood with his back to the wretched, half-hearted fire; he tried whistling quietly to himself; he lit a cigar—and then threw it away again; he sat on the edge of the table and tried to simulate an interest in the morning's correspondence; he even tried stretching himself and pretending to shake off his despondency. At last he could endure it no longer. He put on his hat and coat, passed through the clerk's office with an air of extreme urgency, and made his way out into the street. There he sauntered along to a restaurant, descended into the smoking-room, and ordered a strong coffee.

The waitress who served him was a pretty little girl with fair hair and black eyes, and she chatted to him pleasantly for a minute or more, even pouring out his coffee. In addition, the liquid itself was excellent. She and it together soothed him immensely, and when he emerged into the street once more he walked with a little more assurance and courage.

He reached the office again at ten thirty-five, and, in spite of every appearance to the contrary, he recommenced one of the most eventful days of his life.

At a quarter to one a telegram was handed in to him—one of astonishing length and urgency.

"Hepburn, Bank Buildings, Walton Street, E.C." it ran. "Call personally, immediately, on Dolly Vance, 14, Knightsbridge Mansions, Kensington. Has twenty-three compromising letters from my son, and threatens institute breach-of-promise proceedings to-day. All attempts at settlement failed. Go up to not more than two thousand pounds. Rely absolutely on you. Wire result and amount paid.—ALLAN HUDSON, Brighton."

Mr. Hepburn read the wire through twice and then whistled. His digestive troubles seemed to vanish on the instant. He was the human sleuth-hound—alert, ready, almost bloodthirsty. He knew Allan Hudson well. Indeed, less than six months previously he had attended to a little affair involving political corruption, and thus saved the gentleman's reputation. Now his son had been misbehaving himself, had he? Well, it was all good for trade!

He rubbed a pair of plump, red hands together and poked the fire—the splendid, roaring, blazing fire. Then he lit a cigar and thoughtfully turned up the telephone directory, smiling to himself the while.

The funny thing was that he knew Dolly Vance as well. He it was who had accumulated the evidence on which her husband had obtained a divorce. It was "faked," of course—deliberately faked; but then, that was a mere detail. The lady was an actress, and—well, the job was all in the day's work.

7746! He even remembered her telephone number, and he asked for it as one would ask for an old friend.

He was through almost at once.

"Hello!"

A feminine voice answered him. "Hello!"

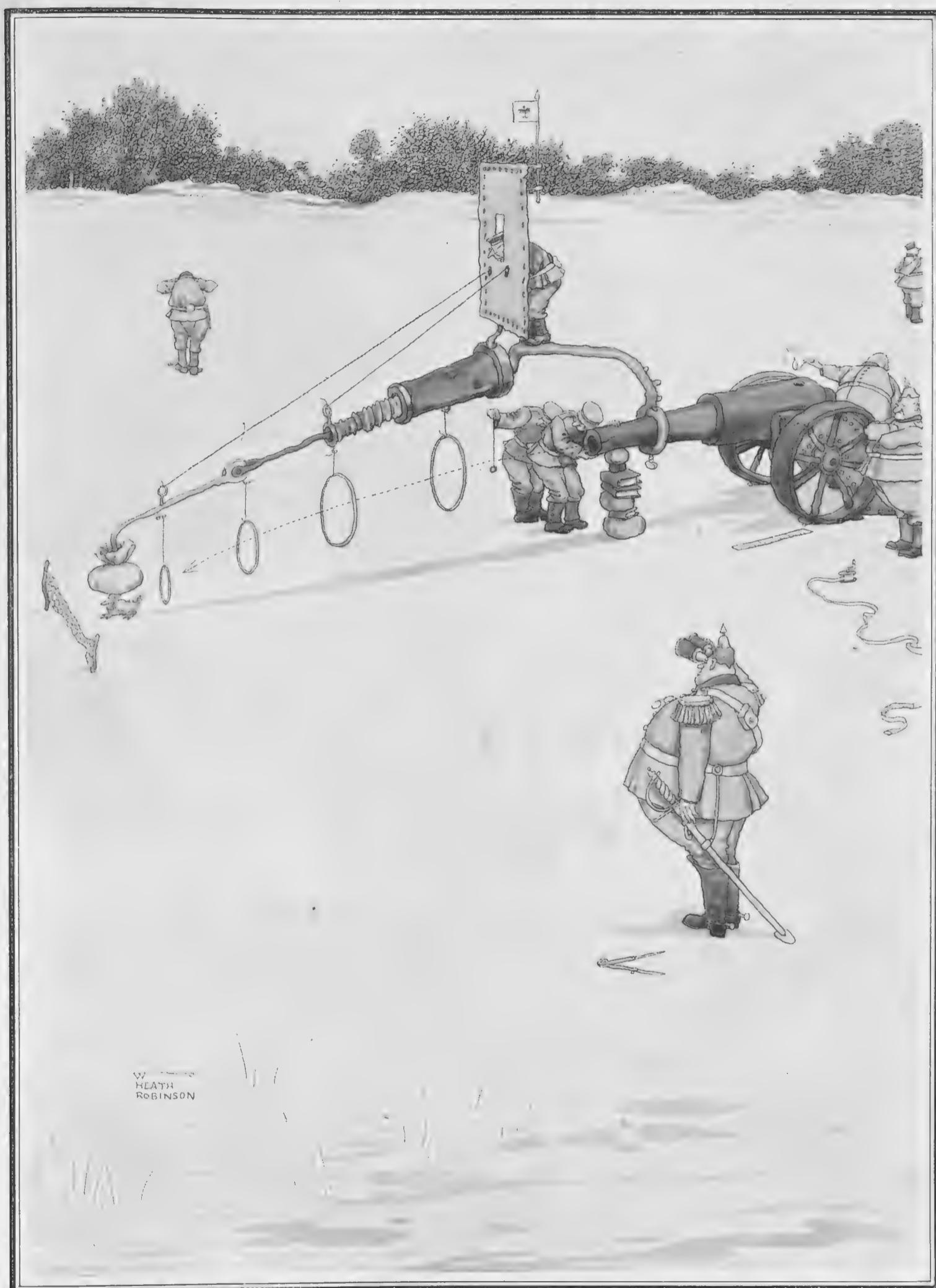
"Is that Miss Vance, please?"

"No. Do you wish to speak to her?"

"Please."

[Continued overleaf.]

BY OUR ARTIST WITH THE KRUPP!



ESSEN HEATH! GERMAN ARTILLERYMEN PRACTISING WITH THEIR NEW RANGE-FINDER.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON. (COPYRIGHTED IN U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)

"What name?"
 "Hepburn—Robert Hepburn."
 "Will you hold the line a moment, please?"
 Mr. Hepburn did as he was told, and enjoyed a few more puffs at his cigar. Then he heard distant voices, and suddenly—"Hello! What is it, please?"
 "Are you Miss Vance?"
 "I am."
 "Can I see you if I come round immediately?"
 "What's your business, please?"
 "It's urgent!"
 "Evidently. But what is it?"
 "May I see you, and I will explain then?" parried Mr. Hepburn.
 "But surely you can tell me now."
 A pause.
 "It's in connection with Mr. Hudson."
 Another pause.
 "Oh! . . . But I still don't see . . ."
 "I've been instructed to act on his behalf, Miss Vance, and I should esteem it a great favour if you will grant me an interview at once." Mr. Hepburn's tone was delightfully modulated.
 "Very well! I'm having lunch now. I shall be pleased to see you in half-an-hour's time, say. Good-bye."
 "Good-bye."

Mr. Hepburn hung up the receiver and stood with his back to the fireplace for a while, thinking deeply. Then he took out his cheque-book and made out a cheque payable to himself. He hesitated a little over the amount, but finally, with a shrug of his shoulders, put it down at fifteen hundred pounds.

Ten minutes later he was on the way to Kensington.

Securely tucked away in his breast-pocket were a hundred and fifty ten-pound notes.

II.

Mr. Hepburn, familiar with scenes and effects, spent most of his time from the City to Kensington in mentally rehearsing dramatic speeches and threats. He expected trouble, and was preparing for it accordingly. It was a big case, and it would carry a big fee—even five per cent. would be very acceptable for one day's work. But he hoped to clear much more than that. He knew Allan Hudson, he knew Dolly Vance, and he knew himself. Of the three, he considered the last to be easily the smartest.

With this pleasant feeling of assurance predominant, he was shown into Dolly Vance's pretty pale-blue drawing-room; and, with characteristic homeliness, he took the largest and springiest chair, threw one leg over the other, placed his finger-tips together, and waited—a pensive-looking, square-jawed person with a suggestion of great power held carefully in check.

Miss Dolly Vance, however, seemed little impressed by his attitude when she entered. She came in humming a soft little tune from a comic opera, and sat down on the arm of an easy-chair, a deliberate pose in smoke-grey and pale-pink.

"Good afternoon, Mr. . . ."—she glanced casually at his card which she held in her hand—"Mr. Hepburn."

The gentleman rose and bowed. "Good afternoon, Miss Vance."

She wasted no time in preliminaries.

"And so Mr. Hudson has put you on to this—this case. I suppose you'd call it a case?"

Mr. Hepburn sat down again and temporarily abandoned the impressive attitude. He spoke cheerfully.

"Yes, Miss Vance. Why not?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "I don't like it. It sounds so terribly legal and impersonal. I don't want it to be that. I want it to be a nice, quiet, friendly little agreement."

"I'm only too willing to make it so," replied the private detective. "But I understand that attempts at settlement have failed so far?"

"Yes. Mr. Hudson's very headstrong, you know." She straightened a white rose in her bosom and looked at it thoughtfully. "He quite lost his temper when he saw me last night, and actually went out slamming my door after him!" She looked up quaintly at Mr. Hepburn. "Don't you think, Mr. Hepburn, it's rather ungentlemanly to slam *other* people's doors?"

"Very!"

"That's what I thought. And so I lost my temper, too, and sat down and wrote him a little note telling him that I should institute the usual proceedings for breach-of-promise early to-day."

"Unconditionally?"

"Oh, no! I mentioned that it might be settled peacefully out of court for two thousand five hundred. Yesterday it was only two thousand. But it went up in the night. To-morrow, now . . . She looked thoughtful.

"Don't let us beat about the bush, Miss Vance," said Mr. Hepburn suddenly. "I may as well be quite frank with you. Mr. Hudson has given me his authority to go up to fifteen hundred, and not a penny more."

Miss Vance laughed. "But that's less than yesterday!"

"I can't help that! It's the most you'll get."

"Oh, well, we'd better not discuss the matter any further."

Mr. Hepburn stood up and assumed a more authoritative air than was possible when sitting down.

"Now listen to me, Miss Vance. I've not come here to quibble. I'll pay you fifteen hundred down in cash this very minute for those letters. If you won't take it, then you can carry the case into court. And just remember this: you're a *divorcée* who earned a pretty rotten reputation at that trial, and—"

"A lot of lies!" cried Miss Vance, her eyes flashing dangerously. "You're a scoundrel, Mr. Hepburn! It was you who scraped that atrocious evidence together. I discovered afterwards. Oh . . . I can *never* forgive you for that!" She clenched her teeth melodramatically.

Mr. Hepburn loved a scene, and he watched her delightedly.

"Never mind about that," he went on. "The chief thing was that we got the divorce. And this is the point of it—if you carry this case into court, I'll make it my special business to drag up that affair again in all its lurid details. I'll see that the jury knows just the type of adventuress you are . . ."

"I'm not! How dare you?"

"You appear to be," amended Mr. Hepburn courteously. "Also, we'll show a pathetic picture of poor young Frank Hudson, misled, ensnared, and fleeced by a thoroughly practical, scheming woman. You'll be lucky if you get a farthing damages when I've finished with you."

Miss Vance looked at him contemptuously.

"Then why come and offer me fifteen hundred?"

"Obviously because Mr. Hudson doesn't want the affair to be made public."

"H'm! And so you think you can value that desire at not more than fifteen hundred?"

"I'm certain of it!"

She looked at him thoughtfully for a few moments, still simmering over the despicable lies which had been accumulated against her on that previous occasion when she had seen Mr. Hepburn.

"You're a dangerous and unscrupulous man, Mr. Hepburn!"

"Only as an enemy," he confessed.

"I should think that even your friends are not immune from attack."

Mr. Hepburn knew this to be true in Allan Hudson's case, but he did not admit it. The scheme he had on hand was worth four hundred pounds to him if it were successful.

"Well, Miss Vance?" he asked.

For answer she crossed over to her bureau, unlocked it, and took out a bundle of letters.

"Would you like to see them?" she inquired, as she came back.

"Yes, please."

"Very well."

She sat down sulkily on the arm of the chair while Mr. Hepburn glanced through their blushing contents and their effusive "darling Dollies."

"Twenty-three!" he said at last. "I think that's all of them, isn't it?"

"Every one!"

He took out his pocket-book and elaborately counted out the notes.

"I think you'll find those correct, Miss Vance."

She counted them again, in spite of having watched him before.

"That's quite right, Mr. Hepburn! . . . Good-afternoon!"

Mr. Hepburn gathered up the letters and placed them in his overcoat pocket. Then he took up his hat and his gold-mounted stick.

"Good-afternoon, Miss Vance!"

She looked far from satisfied, and would not answer him; but he felt much too pleased to worry over such a detail, and as he descended the stairs he broke into a cheerful whistling—something in rag-time.

Out in the street once more, he made for the nearest post-office and sent a telegram—

"Allan Hudson, Cambridge Terrace, Brighton.—Have secured letters for nineteen hundred. Will come down with them to-morrow morning.—HEPBURN."

Then he went and had his long-deferred lunch, meditating pleasantly on the extreme simplicity and cleverness with which he had cleared four hundred pounds, irrespective of any commission.

A couple of hours later he returned to his office to find a telegram awaiting him. In a few words—eighteen-pennyworth, to be exact—it pointed out that Mr. Allan Hudson was quite unable to grasp the import of the telegram which he had just received, and that he would be pleased to hear by post what it was all about.

This was the second wire which Mr. Hepburn had received that day.

It was precisely at this moment, too, that he received the jar—the nasty jar referred to in the title.

THE END.



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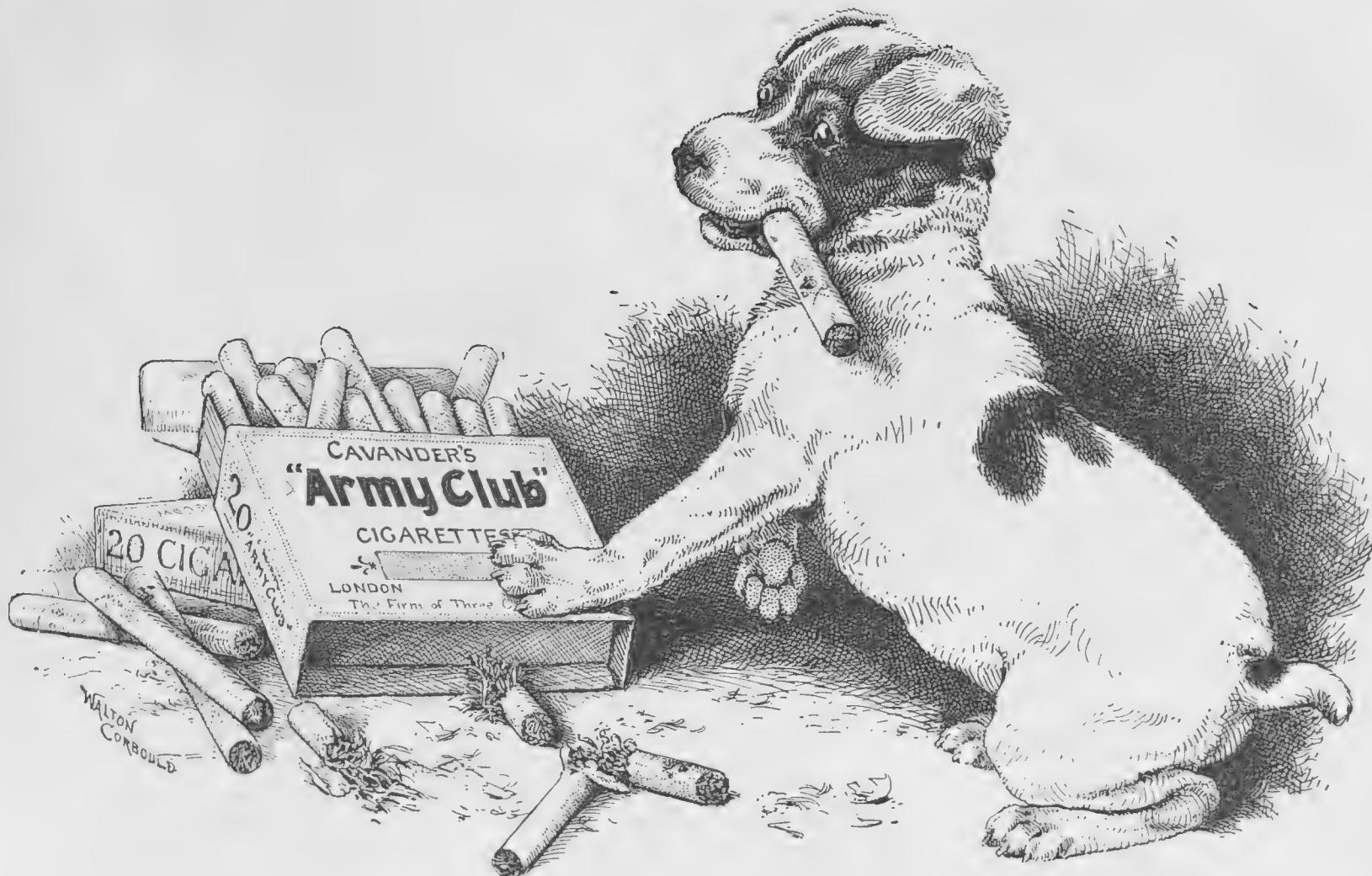
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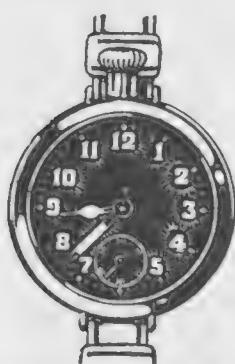
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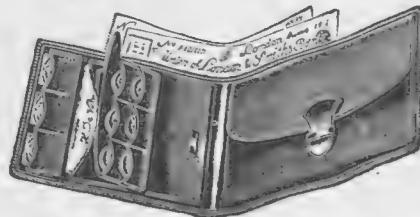
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WOMAN'S WAYS

"Our Un-European Country." Up to now, England, and especially the English, can hardly be said to belong to Europe, much as we have travelled and lived therein. We scoured the Continent, and tried to Anglicise it, but we never became Europeans. There is hardly a Continental nation which does not, to some extent, understand the others, nor share its habits and opinions. There are dozens of small things which show this. Directly you land on Continental shores, no matter where, the French book, in its yellow cover, reigns supreme in the shops and paper kiosks. They all read French, whereas we do not, and that is why France has always exercised a marked influence on European thought. Again, from Stockholm to Belgrade, from Paris to Petrograd, you will find some sort of café and music-garden, wherein you can drink light beer out of long glasses. Indeed, lager bier and French literature in some ways synchronise "Europe." We, on the other hand, understand the Americans, Canadians, and Australians in a way that "Europe" never can. We enjoy the same jokes, and exchange our slang faithfully. We like to look at everything from a humorous point of view; while the Continent is singularly serious. In short, we English are non-European, and, having given birth to all these nations over the oceans, are now a sort of Eastern outpost of the Anglo-Saxons. The Continental point of view never crosses the grey waters which are the moat of our island-citadel.

Indifferent Albion. Abroad, we have had up to now a double reputation, each quite undeserved. We were either "Perfidious Albion," intent on making other people draw the chestnuts out of the fire, or else we were "the noble champion of the smaller nations"—for which we have never, until Belgium was invaded in 1914, fired a single shot on land. We have sympathised, in turn, with Poles, Greeks, Hungarians, Italians, and Bulgarians; but, to be quite candid, we have never, as a Government, packed a single soldier's rations on their behalf. It is rather pathetic to find these legends about England's altruism among Italian peasants and Balkan cab-drivers. The fact is that we are not Europeans, and the man in the Cabinet, no less than the man in the street, has considerable difficulty in locating the lesser European States in his mind's eye, and sometimes even on the map.

To Tempt Them Here. Most certainly we have been Europeans during this war, and shall hereafter be more so, not less. Our Allies, especially the French and Belgians, will come here in great numbers. To facilitate travel and intercourse, we must overhaul our hotels and make first-class railway tickets cheaper. We want inns in all our "beauty-spots" and seaside places which are as cheap and as clean as those in Switzerland and Brittany, and run on the same lines. There will be a great opening for English waiters after the war, for no longer will the Boche be welcome to pour out our wine, change our plates, and pocket our tips. I believe these hotels—supervised, at first, by expert Swiss managers—will pay very well, just as the inexpensive restaurant has succeeded triumphantly in London. The first hotel that puts up free bath-rooms will be permanently filled. It is nonsense to say that country and seaside hotels have a short season, and must therefore charge exorbitant prices. Switzerland is not full for nine months in the year, and yet that inland country has the least expensive inns in Europe. If we had the same thing, Brighton, Cromer, Buxton, and Lynton would never be empty.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

SOCIETY GOSSIP

A Trifle Hard. Lady Islington's house in Chesterfield Gardens was last week the scene of another Euripides revival. Miss Penelope Wheeler, clad in a wonderful blue robe and white girdle, recited the somewhat disconcerting tragedy of Alcestis to an audience which was, in parts, evidently unprepared for the severity of the Greek drama, but which, nevertheless, took its dose of classicalism in very good part.

Gilbert Murray's translation is as amiable as may be, and Miss Wheeler was very good to watch. But I believe that the smart world prefers to take its antiquity more in the form of nymphs and Nijinsky.

The Renascence in Babies. Lady Howard de Walden

happens to be

wrapped up, for the time being, in a baby of her own, and her excellent enterprises in the cause of infants at large are postponed. But others are busy. There is something particularly fortunate in the wave of enthusiasm for infant welfare that keeps the great houses busy devising classes for uninformed mothers and crèches for obliging babies. So much attention and money has been diverted to the wounded from the ailing and impecunious lay world that but for the splendid determination and the Duchess of Marlborough, the ordinary, jog-trot business of birth and death might have been altogether overlooked.

The Right Moment. For many reasons there could be no better moment for this most sane of all crazes. I call it a craze only because the women who are in it cannot carry it through except by infecting their fellow-workers, recruits to the movement, with a sort of mania for baby welfare. It is pioneer work, and must inspire a real enthusiasm or fall flat. And the experience of women who have tasted the pleasure of doing good in the nurseries of the poor (nurseries, save the mark!—but let the phrase pass) is that it is of absorbing interest. Once see that the welfare of, say, only a dozen small, stranger children depends almost entirely on your personal endeavour, and you no longer feel that they are strangers, or that you are a stranger. You are apt to talk to your friends about your own set of mothers and your own set of babies as if they were at least as important as Mrs. Neldon-Weldon's small dogs or as Mr. Weldon-Neldon's motors. As for the appropriateness of the movement at the present moment, one need only remember that in many homes the mothers are making munitions, that milk is "up," and that our Allies in France have long set us a good example in the matter of crèches. On this last point the Duchess of Marlborough particularly insists.

Stage and Pulpit. While Mr. H. B. Irving has been "starring" in the pulpit at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Father Bernard Vaughan has been called in to do his bit at His Majesty's—a shuffling of parts that makes things even between Stage and Church. "H. B." does not find the pulpit uncongenial: a permanent Roman collar (which sounds like celluloid—but that is not what I mean) would become him quite well, for he has by nature the gravity of an ecclesiastic and the earnestness of a preacher. Bernard Vaughan, on the other hand, is possessed of all the talents of a born actor. He is a mimic of the first water, and when he and Herbert Jesuit find themselves at the same luncheon-table a full half of the good stories have to be credited to the Farm-street Jesuit. Yet, beneath the velvet glove none possesses a stronger sinner-smiting hand than Father Vaughan.



PRINCE GEORGE OF BATTENBERG'S BEST MAN: LORD BURGHERSH.

MARRIED ON THE 14TH TO LADY EDITH DOUGLAS-PENNANT: LIEUT. C. A. WINDHAM, M.C.

Lord Burghersh, who was best man to Prince George of Battenberg at his wedding to Countess Nada Torby, is, like the bridegroom, an officer in the Navy. He is the elder son and heir of the Earl of Westmorland.—The wedding of Lieutenant Charles Ashe Windham, Norfolk Regiment, and Lady Edith Anne Douglas-Pennant, widow of the Hon. Charles Douglas-Pennant, took place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, last Tuesday.—[Photographs by Swaine and Bassano.]

of the Duchess of Sutherland the ordinary, jog-trot business of birth and death might have been altogether overlooked.



PAGE TO HIS UNCLE, THE LORD MAYOR: MASTER WILLIAM HENRY DUNN.

Master Dunn is a son of Mr. John Dunn, and nephew of Sir William Henry Dunn, the new Lord Mayor of London.

Tree find themselves at the same luncheon-table a full half of the good stories have to be credited to the Farm-street Jesuit. Yet, beneath the velvet glove none possesses a stronger sinner-smiting hand than Father Vaughan.



THE ART OF SAPPING

and mining dates far back into History. In the Middle Ages a sap was driven under the moat. Then the miner protected by lean-to beams set to work on the wall. He propped the hole round with wood and when the breach was big enough set fire to the wood and the wall collapsed. The defenders attacked by throwing stones and boiling oil from the parapets and by shooting from flanking towers.

If hard work is sapping your strength—reinforce with BOVRIL

HARD work does not hurt you if you are properly fed. But if your food does not nourish you, fatigue saps your strength until a breach is made for illness to enter in. You are sure of being nourished if you take Bovril.

The body-building powers of Bovril have been proved by independent scientific investigation to be ten to twenty times the amount taken. And that is exactly why Bovril is so valuable when one is working at high pressure.

The body is being perpetually and literally "broken down." The old tissues perish and must be replaced by new ones. This process is known to science as "metabolism" and the harder you work the faster the body is "broken down."

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For the Front—The most convenient pack to send out to Officers is Campaigning Bovril. Six 4-oz. tins in a compact parcel.

In spite of the increase in the cost of Beef, the raw material of Bovril, the price of Bovril has not been increased since the outbreak of the war.

**Bovril
gives
strength
to win**



THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN



Her Furs are Lovely.

Princess George of Battenberg will be quite the right kind of recruit to the ranks of lesser royalty. She has always realised the imperial blood in her veins more than her sister, Countess Zia Torby, who is quite happy with the noble and historical family to which her mother belongs. The young Princess is very artistic, however, and has taken a great pride in the arrangement of her new home in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. Her trousseau, although of moderate dimensions so far as outer garments are concerned, is of the very latest murmur that there is, and she knows how to wear such clothes in the manner that is all there is of the most *chic*. Her furs are lovely, and most of her day and evening dresses are trimmed with fur. Being Russian, she smokes many cigarettes a day, and the equipment for smoking gave excuse for some lovely presents.

Their Godfathers and Godmothers. Harrods is a wonderful firm; the heads of departments in it seem to have a gift of divination. Chance took me to the silver and cutlery department, and there I noticed that things useful took precedence over things ornamental, that necessities were more numerous than luxuries. Mentioning this, I found that I was talking to the head, and that he had foreseen that at this winter of the war these were the gifts that would appeal, whether for the coming Christmas, for weddings, birthdays, or for the wee boys and girls whose arrival in our Empire we are so glad to hail. Particularly was I struck with tea-sets in three pieces—tea-pot, sugar-basin, cream-jug—in electro-plate on hard metal. They are in three sizes at, respectively, £2 6s., £2 14s. 6d., and £3 8s. 6d. Such value would be remarkable at any time, and is only possible because difficulty was foreseen and the orders given in anticipation. Again, in knives and forks for the table, although shortage of material and labour has caused their prices to go up, Harrods provide them in regular patterns at much the

same prices as usual. Their rustless and stainless steel table-knives, which only require washing and are not worn out on board or in machine, are always keenly appreciated; these are in a good range of patterns. A thought for our men who have had the hard luck to lose an arm is embodied in the 'Nelson knife,' which has a fork one side and a blade the other, making it easy to manipulate with one hand. Of silver brushes and silver toilet equipment there is a really beautiful variety; and a most successful specialty in this section is christening presents in silver—puff-boxes, porringer, rattles, and so many things for the newly arrived that they may start in life beautifully equipped, as well as vouch'd for, by their godfathers and godmothers. Who would not be one now?



AN ORIGINAL COAT FOR TOWN WEAR.
Here is seen a coat made of deep-blue velours-de-laine, surmounted by a cape of musquash fastened with an ermine tie. Ermine also appears on the cuffs and skirt.

Conceal Your Misery.

It is not a nice name, "Cache-misère," but there is an aptitude about it, also a contradiction. It is what the Parisiennes call the long coat. It hides the wartime-economy frocks, or is supposed so to do, but it is always a very smart and expensive garment itself. It is, perhaps, a sign of the times, since it puts a good face on a bad business—as we all do about the war. Then, too, we might pursue the simile further, and find the business none too bad, since we have started to win the war, and the dress under the Cache-misère is always good enough to more than pass muster in the restaurant—and now also in the theatre and opera, since evening frocks are taboo by law in Paris. Do you know, I believe that, if we had

such a law here, our revered Judges would be hard put to it to say where day dress ended and evening dress began. Their wigs would turn greyer than ever!

In War as in Peace.

When one wants a regimental badge, a ship's crest, or the badge of a corps, whatever it may be, and also wants it at inclusive and moderate price—as everyone does these hard times—Charles Packer's, Regent Street, is the place to go for it. The firm made a specialty of this from the beginning of the war, and were so successful, and kept so up to date with every part of the Service, that it scored a success, and deals in these souvenirs by thousands, which enables every individual client to reap the advantage in value. It is a firm, too, where all kinds of useful things for the fighting men are brought out, and so is a favourite one in



A PRETTY EXAMPLE OF THE ONE-PIECE DRESS.

It is made of Russian-green mouline with white fur and vivid Chinese embroideries. The fur-edged pockets are a new design.

ing and watching war as in peace.

"B. B."

Is Christmas to be a season of economy as well as of gifts? I think it is, for almost everyone says they intend to give really useful and not too expensive things. As to entertaining, there will be little of that save for the children, and in London children's parties will be in the afternoon. We had a sample last week of what darkest London in a blanket of fog can be like, and the Lilliputs must run no risks. Good cheer we shall have—perhaps not so good, or so much of it, as in happier times; but we can keep Christmas still, and we will keep the home fires burning and do all we know to spread good cheer to our matchless fighting men. One of them, writing home, said "Mind you keep your pecker up: it's going all right; and please send me some Benger's Food. There's nothing like it on a cold, wet night: we call it the 'B.B.' or 'Benger's blessing.'"



A NEW AND GRACEFUL OVERCOAT.
This coat is made of royal-blue velvet, combined with cloth of the same colour. The collar, cuffs, and bordering on the skirt are of white fox.



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With Orchestra conducted
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By SIR HENRY J. WOOD

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THE WHEEL AND THE WING

A WAR-TIME SUCCESS : FROM TOW-ROPES TO PULL-U-OUTS : No. 1 PETROL.

The Islington Show.

There were more good cars than might have been expected, perhaps, at the Second-Hand Car Show at the Royal Agricultural Hall last week. Indeed, it was quite clear from the first glance that the opportunity had been seized by some owners of expensive cars to secure this form of publicity in the hope of getting rid of what, under war-time conditions, had proved beyond their means to maintain. Hence some large and handsome cars were on view, in quite good condition. On the other hand, there were relatively few light cars available, although not by any means the minority of the visitors passed the turnstiles in the hope of picking up something small and cheap. But small cars are very hard to get nowadays. As they are no longer being manufactured, there is no longer a normal supply for the normal clientèle, so that existing owners stick to what they have got; added to which is the fact that there are plenty of people to whom a car of some sort is a necessity, but who, in present circumstances, require something smaller than they were accustomed to before the war. Consequently, light cars are commanding good prices at second-hand, and will continue to do so as long as the war lasts, by reason of their economical upkeep alone. With petrol at 3s. 4d. per gallon, and lubricating-oil advanced to 6s., running costs are a very different matter from what they were in the summer of 1914; and, the smaller the car, the less the outlay accordingly.

No Place for "Duds."

Whether the show was a financial success on this initial venture has not been disclosed, but I think that it filled a want, and certainly a considerable number of cars changed hands. In the ordinary way, one must buy a second-hand car either by private treaty or through a dealer, and satisfaction in either case is dependent upon the judgment of the purchaser. A tyro has not much chance of making a wise selection. But the advantage of a show, in addition to the convenience of a central exchange, is that the cars are "vetted" before being put on the stands. If this were a perfunctory process, of course it would be valueless; but, as a matter of fact, I saw with my own eyes that it was thoroughly performed. Within a few minutes of each other I observed two cars, which their owners had imagined to be fit to pass muster, both condemned as unsatisfactory, and from a fault that only expert examination could reveal. At future shows it would be to the advantage of the promoters to emphasise this fact more effectively, for it is undoubtedly the chief asset of the project. The only drawback to the second-hand show system, and one that cannot easily be overcome, is that dealers are likely to appear early on the scene and snap up the best bargains. From the vendor's point of view, however, this does not matter so long as he obtains

the price he wants, and if he chooses to accept a lower offer, rather than hold on for his listed price, that is his own affair.

A Curious Revival.

curiously enough, just as we have been celebrating the completion of twenty years of progress, someone has come forward with an ingenious device for getting a stranded car out of a ditch.

It is called the "Pull-u-Out," and consists of a complete tackle of miniature windlass, cables, pulleys, and three pegs for knocking into the ground. The average car-owner would probably consider that he was meeting trouble half-way by setting up a device of this kind; but it is no small advantage to have something ready-made that has never been available before, and one might do worse than regard this compact apparatus as a desirable adjunct to one's touring outfit. A ditched car is a very awkward thing to deal with, and though in the ordinary way no driver cares to anticipate so serious a contingency, the fact remains that our roads are more dangerous than of yore, owing to abnormal transport traffic, and sideslips are much more frequent as a consequence. A portable hauling tackle, therefore, might at least be worth investing in as an insurance—by those, at all events, whose journeys are not confined to urban areas.



AN AIRMAN SON OF A WELL-KNOWN ACTOR: CAPTAIN BRANSBY WILLIAMS, R.F.C. Captain Bransby Williams, who is only eighteen, has brought down several enemy machines and received the Military Cross. He is a son of Mr. Bransby Williams, the well-known variety artist, famous for his Dickens and other impersonations.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

No More "No. 1" Petrol.

A somewhat striking and rapid confirmation of my argument in favour of first-quality fuel is provided by the announcement that no more Shell I. will be available to the public, as it has all been commandeered by the Government for the use of our air services. This shows conclusively enough that there is an appreciable difference between the grades of spirit in the case of certain types of engine, though it may be perfectly true that many car-owners, with motors of no great degree of sensitivity, get practically as good results out of second-quality as out of first. Those who, like myself, drive a car of the high-efficiency type, however, will be happy to put up with whatever disability is involved, well knowing that the cause for the withdrawal of the first-grade spirit is a valid one.

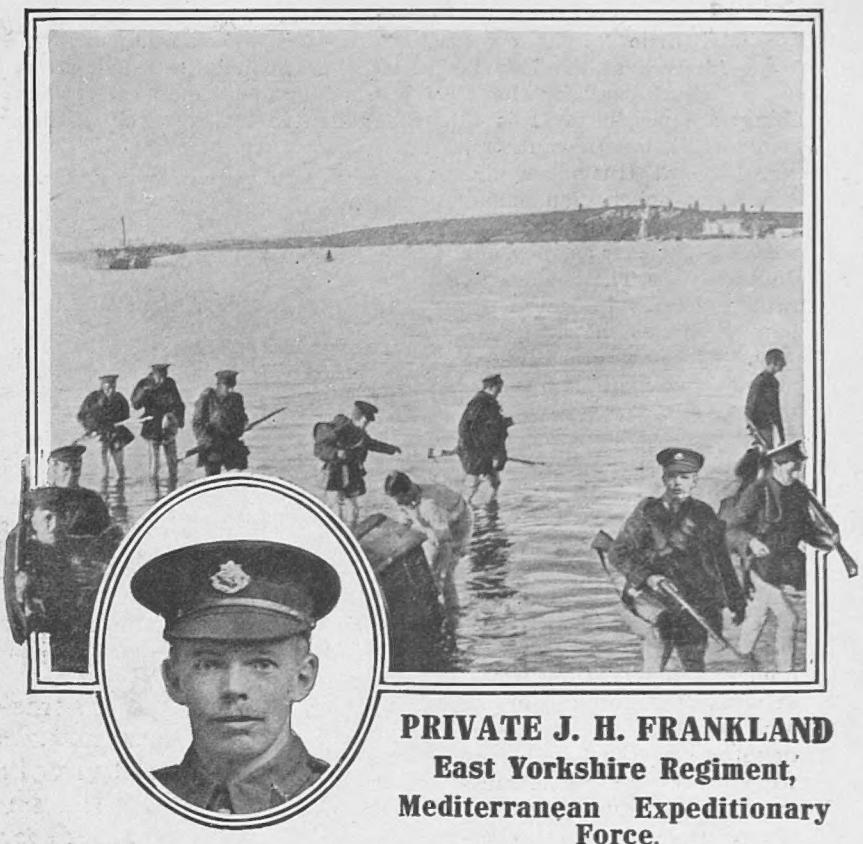
No More "No. 1" Petrol.

No motorist has ever grumbled since the war began at any inconvenience—to use a mild term—which he has had to suffer so long as there was even a colourable necessity for it. What we have complained of is the tendency to class all of us as irresponsible "joy riders," even while many of us are carrying wounded soldiers in hundreds of thousands, or doing voluntary military work, while practically all the rest of those who are using cars are doing so from sheer necessity.



A TEAM OF BLUEJACKETS FOR PRINCE AND PRINCESS GEORGE OF BATTENBERG'S BRIDAL CAR : SAILORS OF PRINCE GEORGE'S SHIP DRAWING IT AFTER THE WEDDING.

After the wedding of Prince George of Battenberg and Countess Nada Torby, the bride and bridegroom were drawn in their car from the Chapel Royal through Ambassadors' Court by sailors from Prince George's ship.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



PRIVATE J. H. FRANKLAND
East Yorkshire Regiment,
Mediterranean Expeditionary
Force.

"I think you will be interested to know how beneficial I have found Phosferine after a somewhat gruelling time in the Army. In the beginning of September last year I went out to Gallipoli, where I was engaged in pioneer work at Suvla Bay. The work was so arduous and the conditions so trying that eventually I succumbed to both the physical and mental strain in December, and was taken to hospital in Malta suffering from general debility and heart strain. I was such a nervous and bodily wreck that ultimately I contracted typhoid and dysentery. After partial recovery I was sent home to England for convalescence in a very weak state. A civilian friend of mine told me how useful he had found Phosferine for bucking him up when run down, and strongly advised me to take it. I did so, and the results were simply amazing. In a very short time my nerves improved, and I felt I had got the better of the disorder which had prostrated me. I put on weight and made such a rapid recovery on the road to health that I soon expect to be in the firing-line again."

This keen soldier says Phosferine has given him just that capacity to overcome ill-health which he never before had [the power to resist, and which all other treatment quite failed to remedy—actually, Phosferine entirely removed this original weakness, and so increased the vital forces that the system now endures unharmed all those exacting conditions which previously caused a succession of ailments.

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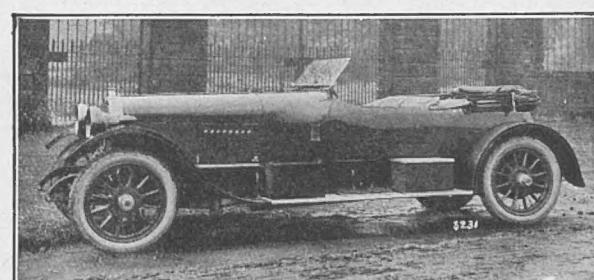
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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE little "light comedy," "The Widow's Might," which arrived at the Haymarket last week, will be saved, if it is saved at all, by Miss Ellis Jeffreys, for to such an actress all things are possible. It is chiefly a gallant attempt to be wittily paradoxical, but the authors, Mr. Leonard Huskinson and Mr. Christopher Sandeman, have not yet quite got the trick of it, clever as they undoubtedly are. Their wit seems rather laboured and their paradox plays in the wrong way. Their story is just the old one of the kind friend who saves a young wife from scandal by making the lover fall in love with herself; and of the young wife who, desiring to be saved, is yet furious at finding that her friend, supposed to be reliably middle-aged, is young enough to capture her lover. The wife was drawn as just crudely and incredibly a cat, in word and deed; and all Miss Athene Seyler's undoubtedly cleverness could not wipe away the unpleasantness of the impression left. Miss Nancy Price, as a clairvoyant humbug, got some broadly farcical effects, and was right in her treatment of the part; and Miss Ellis Jeffreys bravely used all her art and her charm in a great effort to make the play a comedy. She was sweet and sensible, and natural. Mr. Paul Arthur, as the husband, contributed his share, and was effective in his vigorous way.

Mr. Grein's Society of French Players began its season of Sunday

afternoon performances very well, for the first programme at the Aldwych Theatre was excellently chosen. The English playgoer has very little acquaintance with the drama of Alfred de Musset—and so, too, had the French playgoer for a curiously long time. In our case, the loss has never been made good, though one or two of his works, including the very gloomy "Lorenzaccio" have been given in town—and we can get along very well without that portentous work. "A Quoi Rêvent les Jeunes Filles" is quite another matter. A charming little romantic comedy, with wit and pretty sentiment. It has been compared with Rostand's play, "Les Romanesques," which certainly seems to have been inspired by it, with, however, no little loss of inspiration; but the later comedy has that air of having been written by a gentleman in full evening-dress, seated in a magnificent chamber, using a real gold pen, which distinguishes much of the work of Rostand; there was very little of that about the unfortunate lover of Georges Sand. Quite an excellent performance was given of the comedy: the chief figure, the father, was acted with abundance of light humour by M. Jules Delacre. The young ladies, Ninon and Ninette, were played pleasantly by Mmes. Georgette Meyral and Colette Dorigny, the former under the difficulties of short notice; and Mr. Ernest Thesiger acted

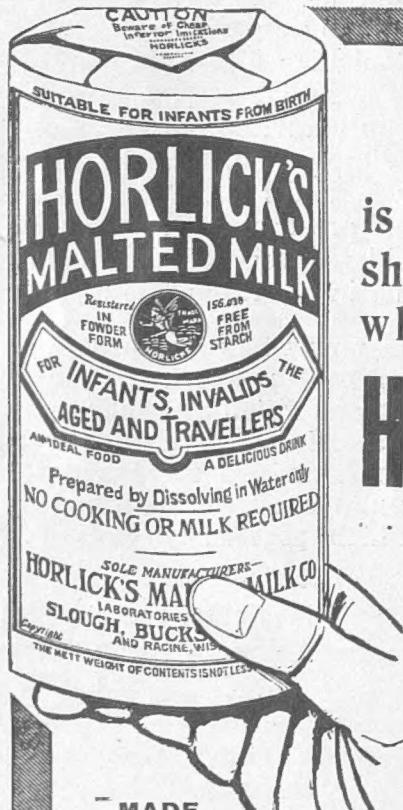
humorously as Count Irus, the fop. The other piece in the programme is the popular "L'Anglais tel qu'on le parle," in which Mr. Jules Delacre was very funny as the deputy interpreter.



THE CHILDREN OF A FAMOUS SOCIETY BEAUTY: VISCOUNTESS CURZON'S SON AND DAUGHTER.

The Hon. Edward R. A. P. Curzon, son of Viscount and Viscountess Curzon, and grandson of Earl Howe, was born in 1908. His sister, the Hon. Georgiana Mary Curzon, is two years younger.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

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